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ILLUSTRATED MONTREAL,

The Metropolis of Canada.

ITS ROMANTIC HISTORY,
ITS BEAUTIFUL SCENERY,
ITS GRAND INSTITUTIONS,
ITS PRESENT GREATNESS,
ITS FUTURE SPLENDOR.

Published by

John McConniff,

Ticket Agent,

Office : Windsor Hotel,

Montreal.



THE OLD TRAPPEUR.

INTRODUCTORY.



DE MAISONNEUVE
MONUMENT.

THE words of one of our Canadian poets, the author and compiler of the following pages welcomes all visitors to Montreal :—

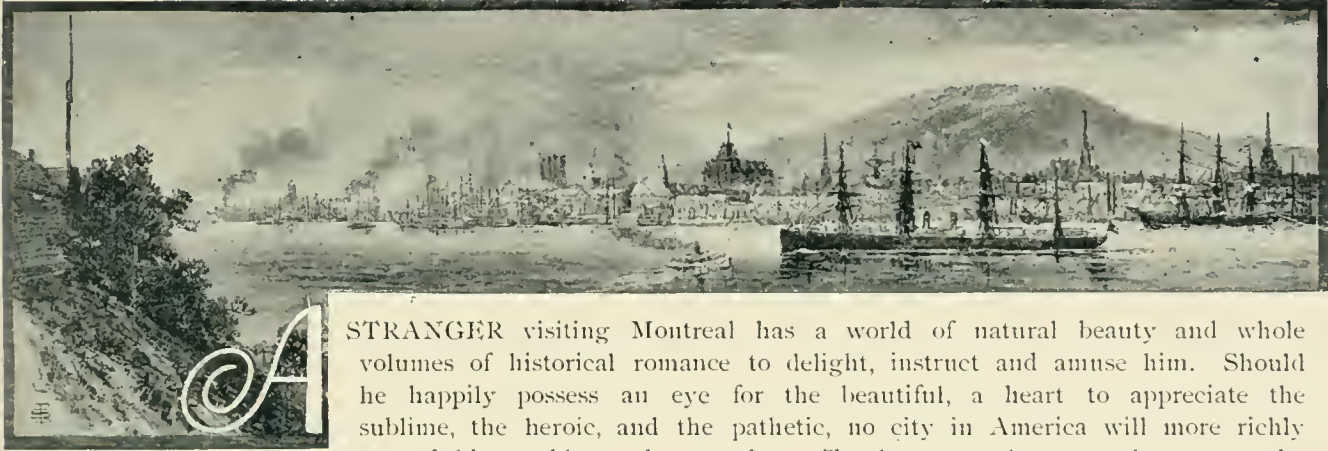
“ Friends who have journeyed far to share
The verve of our Canadian air,
Greeting and love to all.”

The city and environs of Montreal are rich in historical associations and possessed of natural beauty well calculated to delight the traveler and give new sensations of pleasure to tourists and seekers of recreation. For such these pages were written, for, although Montreal is the great mercantile emporium of the Dominion, the seat of many manufacturing enterprises, and one of the most flourishing cities on this continent, it is not intended in this little work to deal with its business aspects. Such details can be easily obtained in publications devoted to them. But Montreal, being typical of Canada, having in its streets and its inhabitants all the characteristics of English and French occupation, presents a series of pictures to the stranger unique in its institutions and transformations. Here may be seen the indications of the growth of a new nation developing a spirit and a type all its own, and destined to play an important part in the history of the world. The new and the old may here be seen; the modern and the ancient—the one rising, the other passing away. These pages will direct the visitor in the way of observing these things, and to the places most worthy his attention.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year 1890, by
JOHN MCCONNIFF,
at the Department of Agriculture.

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A STRANGER visiting Montreal has a world of natural beauty and whole volumes of historical romance to delight, instruct and amuse him. Should he happily possess an eye for the beautiful, a heart to appreciate the sublime, the heroic, and the pathetic, no city in America will more richly reward his rambles and researches. To the mere pleasure-seeker, or to the man of business, Montreal is not less attractive, for it possesses in itself and its environs all that can enchant the one and give practical information to the other. Here the Old World and the New World meet, as they meet nowhere else on this continent, and flow in parallel channels, placidly disunited, like the waters of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa, contrasting, yet complementing each other, and giving to the life of the city a picturesqueness not to be found elsewhere.

The site occupied by the city of Montreal is not surpassed by any in the world, not even by that of Constantinople. Whether regarded for its natural beauty, its commercial advantages, or its military importance, its position may truly be described as imperial. Standing at the head of ocean navigation, almost in the heart of the continent, it has realized the dream of the first explorers in directing the

traveler on the highway to the far East through the once unknown wilderness of the West. Built on a succession of terraces that form the southern side of Mount Royal, it has all the ideal advantages of commercial and home life. The city, so to speak, has climbed the mountain by successive stages as wealth and population increased. At first Commissioners' street, on the water front, was the great business thoroughfare; but for many years it has been wholly occupied by wholesale warehouses. Then St. Paul street lost its private character and went into business. After a time Notre-Dame street was given up to shops. The subsequent extension of St. James street and the conversion of Craig from an open ditch into a broad thoroughfare, marked the general limits of the business part of the city. Within the last few years, however, St. Catherine street, once the most quiet and aristocratic of up-town retreats, has become a great avenue of business, and is now the Broadway of Montreal.

This city has always been the entrepôt of the trade of the North-West from its foundation to the present time, and its growth has been in unison with the development of that trade. First it was the fur trade, the old-time nabobs of which had their homes on Beaver Hall Hill, and who, probably out of gratitude, gave to Canada the emblem of the Beaver—signifying intelligence, thrift, wealth and comfort. The lumbering, mining, grain, and now the cattle, trades followed, each contributing to the progress of the city. But the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway has completed the circle by bringing the commerce of China and India across the continent, while the enterprise of our merchant princes is reaching forth for a share of the business of the Australasian antipodes. The splendor of the destiny of Montreal seems, therefore, to be assured, and its phenomenal growth during recent years is an earnest of that glorious future. In anticipation of the coming needs of business, the river front, extending for about six miles, is to be improved by the expenditure of several million dollars. The population of the city numbers about a quarter of a million according to the last census.



THE CANADIAN BEAVER AT WORK.

HOCHELAGA.

Probably the first Indian word with which the brave Pilot of St. Malo became acquainted, when he discovered to the old world our fair Dominion, was the word "Hochelaga;" it was the name applied to the mighty St. Lawrence, from the Sault St. Louis, to the Atlantic coast; a course of nearly a thousand miles without an interruption.

The significance of the word to Jacques Cartier, was, that the noble water-way would lead him to the village of the "Hochelagans"—the "Indians of the beaver meadow." The village occupied the level where now our proudest mansions stand, the Sherbrooke street plateau being the stage on which the first act of our history transpired. When we consider that, with the death of Jacques Cartier, the whole *personnel* of the scene passed away forever, we need scarcely marvel that the name, at first so important, was long forgotten; but it is almost incredible to think, that a name, which might appropriately have extended itself to the entire possessions of Britain's rule to-day on this continent, should have remained unuttered for nearly three centuries. It was not till 1828 that the name was revived; and many of the residents of our city, reflect upon the beauties of the little suburban village, earlier known as the "Cross,"—probably as being the point where the ferries touched in crossing to and from Longueuil—but christened at the birth of the present generation, with the old Indian name of "Hochelaga." Our city has now overrun the fields and the beaver meadows, the beaver canals have given place to our busy thoroughfares, and where the lodge once stood our factory piles have grown. Thus again the name disappears, though its memory lingers, associated with the charred embers, and fragments of pottery, the remnants of those feasts and ceremonies—the romantic dawn of our national life.

For the accompanying illustration of the beaver, we are indebted to Mr. Horace T. Martin, who promises, in his forthcoming book on the "History and Traditions of the Canadian Beaver," a rich addition to our literature.

EARLY HISTORY.



THE OLD BATTERY, ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

In the fall of the year 1535 Jacques Cartier, the discoverer of Canada, ascended the St. Lawrence in search of the mysterious Hochelaga, accounts of which he had heard from the Indians at Quebec. The story of this adventure has been graphically told by Parkman in his "Pioneers of France in the New World." The exploring party consisted of a galeon of forty tons and two open boats, carrying, in all, fifty sailors and their officers.

Slowly gliding on their way by walls of verdure brightened in the autumnal sun, they saw forests festooned with grape vines and waters alive with wild fowl; they heard the song of the black-bird, the thrush, and, as they fondly thought, the nightingale. On the 2nd of October they neared the goal of their hopes. Where now are seen the quays and storehouses of Montreal, a thousand Indians thronged the shore, wild with delight—dancing, singing, crowding about the strangers, and showering into the boats their gifts of fish and maize, and, as it grew dark, fires lighted up the night, while, far and near, the French could see the excited savages leaping and rejoicing by the blaze.

At dawn of day, marshalled and accoutred, they set forth for Hochelaga. An Indian path led through the forest which covered the site of Montreal. Proceeding on their way they were met by an Indian chief with his retinue, who welcomed them, and received in return presents of two hatchets, two knives and a crucifix, the latter of which he was invited to kiss. Presently they issued forth upon open fields covered far and near with ripened maize—its leaves rustling, its yellow grains gleaming between the parted husks.

Before them, wrapped in forests painted by the early frosts, rose the ridgy back of the mountain of Montreal, and below, encompassed with its cornfields, lay the Indian town. It was surrounded with a triple row of palisades, formed of poles. The dwellings within this enclosure (fifty yards or more in length and from twelve to fifteen yards in width) constructed of sapling poles and covered with bark, each contained many families. In the middle of the town was a square, where Cartier halted, and was immediately surrounded by swarms of children and women, old and young, with infants in their arms. They crowded about the visitors crying for delight, touching their beards, feeling their faces, and holding up the screeching infants to be touched in turn. Strange in hue, strange in attire, with moustached lip and bearded chin,



JACQUES CARTIER LANDING AT QUEBEC



MONTREAL, FROM THE MOUNTAIN PARK.

with arquebus and glittering halbert, helmet and cuirass ;—were the marvellous strangers demigods or men ? Then the natives brought their aged, sick, blind and maimed and placed them before Cartier, “As if,” he says, “a god had come down to cure them.” His skill in medicine being far below the emergency, he pronounced over his petitioners a portion of the Gospel of St. John, made the sign of the cross and uttered a prayer, not for their bodies only, but for their miserable souls. After distributing presents, Cartier ascended to the top of the neighboring mountain, guided by a troop of Indians. Standing on the summit, he gave it the name of Mount Royal—*Mont Réal*. Hence the name of the city which now holds the site of the vanished Hochelaga. He there beheld that noble prospect which to this day is the delight of tourists ; but strangely changed since first of white men, the Breton *voyageur*, gazed upon it.

The late Hon. Thomas Darcy McGee celebrated this famous event in ringing verse :—

JACQUES CARTIER.

In the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away ;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas ;
And every autumn blast, that swept o'er pinnacle and pier
Filled manly hearts with sorrow and gentle hearts with fear

A year passed over St. Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away ;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent ;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

But the earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing in his pride,
In the forests of the North ; while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *Fleurs de Lys* and cross ;
And when two months were over and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again—cheer answering to cheer.

He told them of a region—hard, ironbound and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold ;
Where the wind from Thulé freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship ;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the water fast ;
How the winter causeway broken is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free ;
How the magic wand of Summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child ;
Of how, poor souls, they fancy in every living thing
A spirit good or evil that claims their worshipping ;
Of how thy brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them thro' the Gospel of St. John.

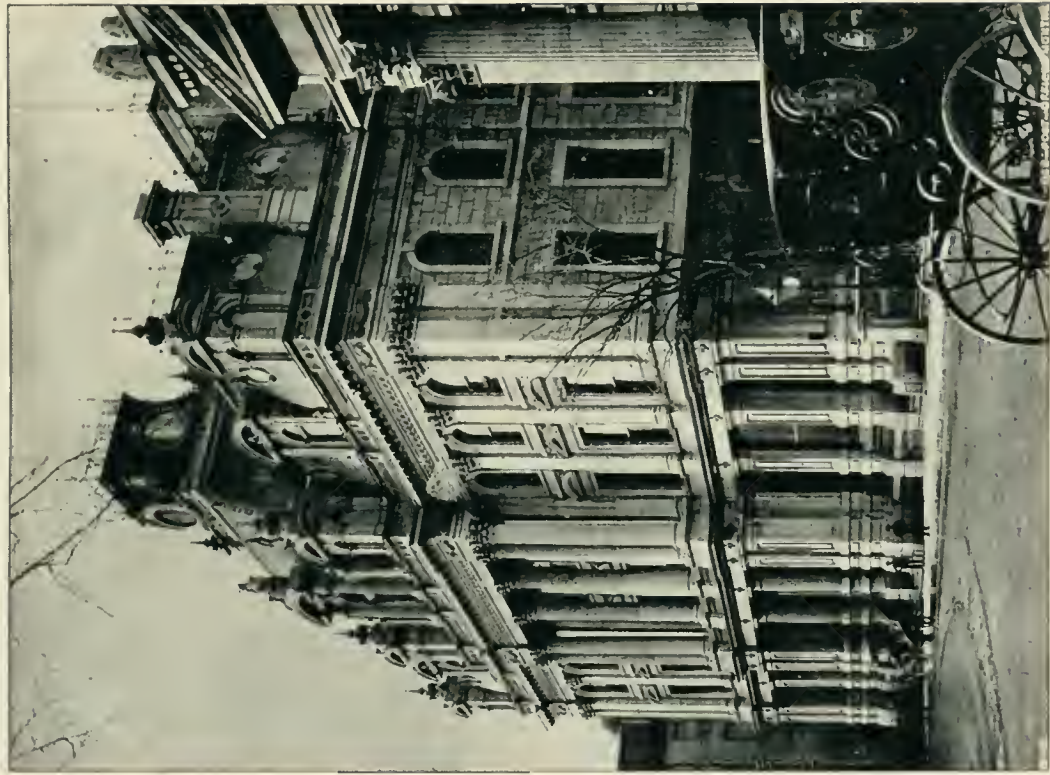
He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to ocean's briny wave ;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.



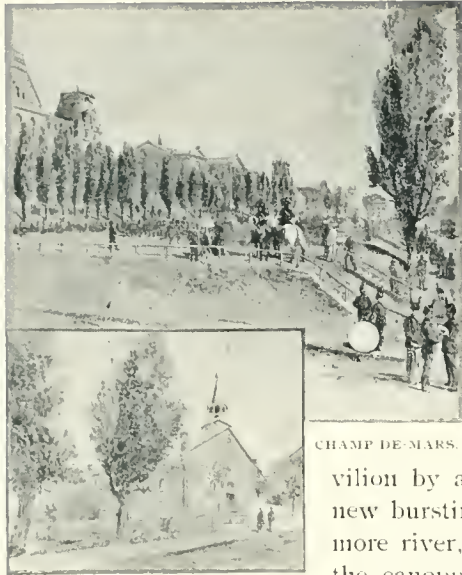
PLACE D'ARMES.

Tower and dome and spire, congregated roofs, white sail and fleeting steamer, now animate the vast expanse with varied life. Cartier saw a different scene. East, west and south, the mantling forest was over all, and the broad blue ribbon of the great river glistened amid a realm of verdure. Beyond, to the bounds of Mexico, stretched a leafy desert, and the vast hive of industry, the mighty battle-ground of later centuries, lay sunk in savage torpor, wrapped in illimitable woods.

The name given by Jacques Cartier to the mountain was eminently appropriate. The view from the summit on all sides is magnificent. No traveller or tourist ever neglects to follow the example of the first French explorer and go to the top of the mountain. The scene, especially in summer time, is incomparably beautiful and expansive. Standing where a volcano once sent its beacon-like flames to the sky and illuminated the vast plain, his eye wanders over a glorious prospect of mountains, rivers, lakes, forests and verdant fields. At his feet on one side stretches the city, extending over five miles, with its glittering domes and spires, its massive public institutions, its villas embowered in trees, its long line of docks and shipping, its busy thoroughfares, from which arises the hum of active life, mellowed by distance and faintly timed by the occasional pealing of the chimes. On the other side he sees the city of the dead—the cemeteries of Mount Royal and Côte-des-Neiges—the one Protestant, the other Roman Catholic. Embosomed in magnificent trees, they spread in quiet repose, serenely suggestive of solemn thoughts and of what strange romances could be written there of these two cities. Beyond lies the St. Lawrence, nature's magnificent watery highway, reaching far away into the heart of the great West, and bearing on its bosom the modern argosies freighted with the golden grain of distant prairies. Following this majestic panorama, the traveler sees away to the west, above Nun's Island, with its dark woods and smiling fields, the cataracts of Lachine dancing in the sunlight above the placid reaches of the lake-like expanses of the river. On the further shore the silvery spires and roofs of Laprairie gleam among the trees. To the right "across the river view," as a former writer has described, "runs the Victoria Bridge, which alone, among all the builders' work presented to the eye, seems scarcely dwarfed by the



POST OFFICE.



OLD ST. GABRIEL CHURCH.

CHAMP DE-MARS.

largeness of the prospect." Suddenly a narrow white cloud streams out from the bridge's farther end, and the locomotive rushes away with its train past St. Lambert, over the smiling cabin-dotted, wide plain of Chambly, toward the hills of Boucherville, Belœil, Rougemont—all clearly revealed in the bright summer weather. The very names belonging to the spires, hamlets, and misty distances that he asks of, have their charm for one weary with the monotony of the huge continent. Longueuil, Ste. Julie, Iberville, St. Bruno, Lacadie, Varennes, Repentigny, L'Assomption! With these sounds in his ears, it is, perhaps, often surprising for the American tourist to learn that he is quite near home, for the guide points him to a dim line on the confines of the southerly horizon with, "There are the Adirondacks of New York." This noble view has not

been suddenly revealed to the tourist. He has reached the pavilion by a gradual, smooth ascent; with every zig-zag of the carriage drive, new bursting peeps and broader views of mansion, spire and dome, more roofs, more river, and more plain have been outspread, a grand eyclorama vaulted by the canopy of heaven. Passing around the mountain's western brow, he has caught glimpses beyond Côte-des-Neiges and the second mountain, and Monk-

lands and St. Laurent, of twenty miles in length of flat plain bordered by the heights of Deux Montagnes, by the still more distant hill where shines the great cross of Rigaud, and by the fine blue of the Laurentides, whose far sides are marked here and there by white patches, that the imagination insists on declaring to be monasteries of marble. He has seen the gleam of the reaches of Rivière-des-Prairies (called Back River by local custom); he has marked the long narrow inclosure of the garden-like island of Montreal, and

everywhere beheld the churches, cabins and herds of populous parishes. Rounding the final summit, he has seen, glancing among the trees in the hollow just beneath him, the flocking white stones of the two cemeteries guarded to the north by the angel set clear above the trees of the middle mountain and to the south by Mount Royal, which separates the Montreal of the living from the more beautiful Montreal of the dead. One visit, however, can hardly give the traveller a complete idea of the glorious views around Montreal. Each time he ascends the mountain he will find new



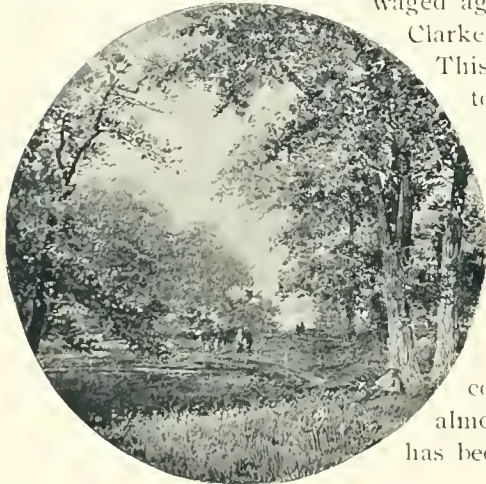
CITY HALL.

unimagined beauties with every change from dawn to dark, from storm to shine, from Spring's first tremulous greenery to the braveries of autumn in scarlet and russet, crimson, brown and gold.

No settlement was attempted by Jacques Cartier at Montreal, nor did any European visit the place till seventy years afterwards, when Champlain began his explorations. The Indian town of Hochelaga, with its triple palisades and fields of golden maize, had disappeared. A war had broken out after Cartier's visit, during which the town was taken and burned, its inhabitants massacred or carried into captivity. Guided by two aged Indians, Champlain ascended Mount Royal and learned from them the sorrowful story of the destruction of their nation. This tragic history, as related to Champlain by his guide, and preserved as a tradition among the remnant of the Hurons who escaped the catastrophe of the war of extermination

waged against them by the Iroquois, has been preserved by Peter Dooyentate Clarke, the historian of the Hurons, and himself a descendant of the tribe.

This author tells how Hurons and Senecas lived in peace and friendship together at Hochelaga for many generations. They intermarried and had no cause for quarrel, till, for some reason, a Seneca chief refused his son permission to wed a maiden of the other tribe. Enraged at the action of the stern parent, the lady refused all offers of marriage, and declared she would only wed the warrior who should slay the chief who had interfered with her happiness. A young Wyandote, smitten by her charms, attacked the old chief and received the coveted reward. The Senecas, however, adopted the cause of their chief, and a terrible fratricidal war spread desolation throughout the Huron country, nor did it cease till the Iroquois had completely broken up and almost exterminated the Hurons. The story of this heroine of the forest has been compared to that of Helen and the fate of Hochelaga to the siege



ON ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.



JACQUES CARTIER SQUARE.

and ruin of Troy. It forms the subject of a poem by a Canadian author, who, with a modesty unusual in his class, has refrained from publication.

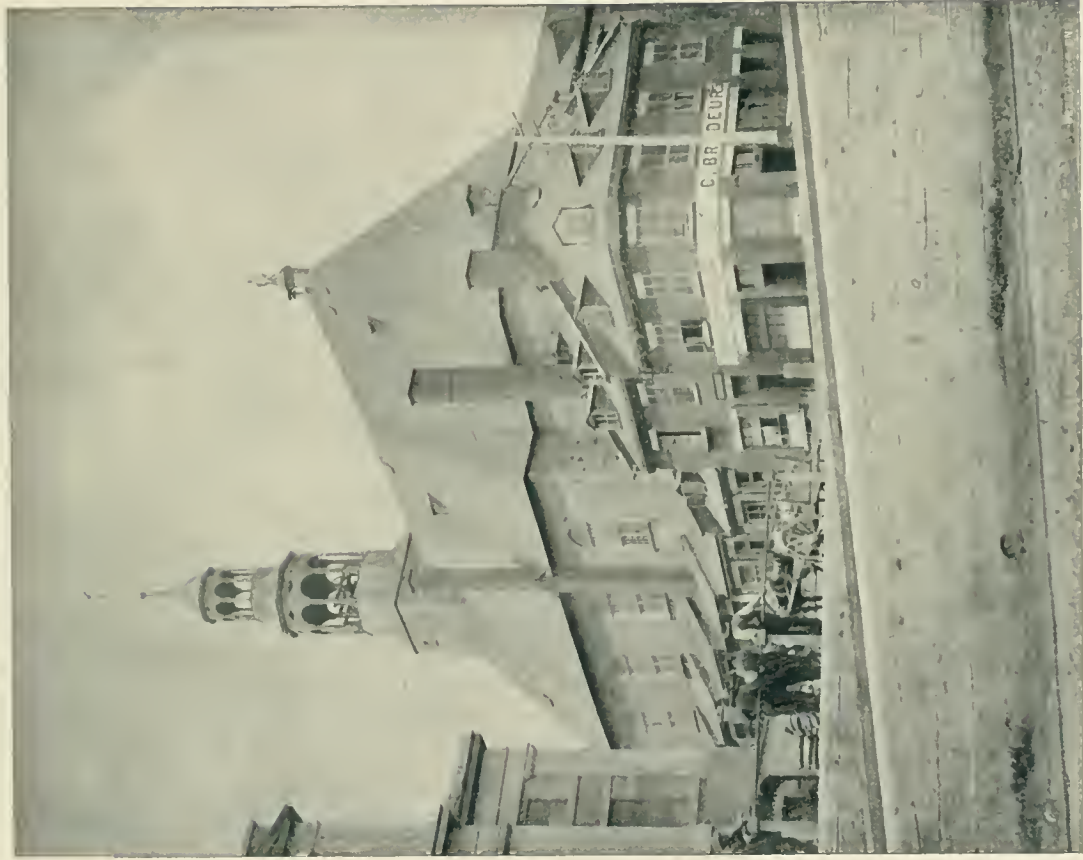
PLACE ROYALE.



CHAMPLAIN.

IN THE summer of 1611 Samuel de Champlain, who had founded Quebec, chose the site and cleared the ground for an extended trading post at Montreal. It was immediately above a small stream, now running under arches of masonry, and entering the St. Lawrence at Pointe-à-Callière, where the Custom House now stands, within the present city. He called it Place Royale; and here, on the margin of the river, he built a wall of bricks made on the spot, in order to measure "ice-shove" in the spring. It was during this visit that Champlain, the most intrepid of explorers, ran the Lachine rapids with Indians in a bark canoe. He was the third white man who performed this feat. One of his predecessors, however, was drowned in the perilous adventure. Champlain did not carry out his intention of founding a settlement in Montreal. In 1613 he appeared at St. Helen's Island, and from there started on his wonderful expedition of exploration up the Ottawa river to the great lakes. Concerning this extraordinary man, Parkman says: "Of the pioneers of the North American forests, his name stands foremost on the list. It was he who struck the deepest and boldest stroke into the heart of their pristine barbarism. At Chantilly, at

Fontainebleau, at Paris, in the cabinets of princes and of royalty itself, mingling with the proud vanities of the court; then lost from sight in the depths of Canada, the companion of savages, sharer of their toils, privations and battles, more hardy, patient and bold than they; such, for successive years, were the alternations of this man's life."



BONSECOURS CHURCH

In his "History of Canada," Dr. Kingsford compares Champlain to Julius Cæsar, "with whose excellencies and genius he bears strong relationship, unalloyed by those vices and that social deformity which marked Roman life." It has also been observed that had Champlain's representations found favor, and had means been given him to enforce his policy, it seems almost a matter of certainty that New France would have grown into a strong, permanently established power.



GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY OFFICES.

own expense. The absence of a memorial, says Dr. Kingsford, will prove no detraction from his virtues, nor lessen the character of his actions. Champlain's name is imperishably in the first and foremost pages of his country's history ; it is that of a man of genius, of pure and un tarnished honor ; the true founder of Canada.

Montreal was formally founded on the 14th of October, 1641, by de Maisonneuve, who took possession of the site, and returned to Quebec. The Jesuits were said to have long contemplated a settlement here. As early as 1636 Père le Jeune mentions the Grand Sault St. Louis as one of the sites for the cities of

A statue of de Maisonneuve is about to be placed in the Place d'Armes to commemorate the founding of the city. But as we have seen, it was Champlain who first selected and cleared the site. To his memory more than to that of any other man of French Canada, such recognition is due. Nowhere in the country is there a monument to the greatest of French governors. No memorial exists to teach the youth of the Dominion what excellence there is in a noble, honest life, marked by devotion to duty, and an utter disregard of self. The greatest memorial of Champlain we possess is a complete edition of his works, edited by the late Rev. Abbé Laverdière, librarian of Laval University, which was published, in 1869-70, by Mr. Geo. E. Desbarats, entirely at his

the future. The settlement was undertaken by the Company of Montreal, the first on the roll of which was Jean-Jacques Olier, prêtre, curé of St. Sulpice. This company obtained the cession of the whole Island of Montreal. Maisonneuve is described as a great man, brave as a lion, knightly in bearing and devout as a monk. The story of his life reads like a romance, and his exploits in founding this city are a thrilling record of heroism. On the 17th of May, 1642, the new city was solemnly cou-



VICTORIA SQUARE.

secrated under the name of Ville-Marie. The spot chosen for the ceremony was near the foot of the mountain. There were at that time scarcely more than three hundred French people in the whole of Canada.

Though the foundations of the future imperial city of the North were thus laid with pious ceremonies by a few hardy pioneers, deep in the heart of the primeval forest, it did not lack assistance. M^{lle} Jeanne Mance, whose memory is still preserved in the street nomenclature of the city, accompanied the expedition for the founding of Ville-Marie, carrying with her, for that object, a sum equal in amount to about \$250,000 of our present money. This sum had been donated by the widow of a former superintendent of finance in France, Madame de Bouillon.



HOTEL-DIEU

The expedition, consisting of fifty-seven persons, safely reached its destination. Tents were pitched, camp fires lighted, an altar was extemporised and mass celebrated by Father Vimont. The enclosure was then commenced, and in a few days, in its first design, was completed. Subsequently, Madame de Bouillon's endowment took the form of a stone building outside the

pickets, which, as the Hôtel-Dieu Hospital, retained its identity to within the last thirty years. This hospital has since given way to the commercial requirements of the city, and has been transferred to the northern part of Montreal, where its extensive buildings occupy an imposing site. In a quarter of a century the fort known as Ste. Marie was established at the foot of the current, and there was a fortified outpost at Point St. Charles, near the spot where Victoria Bridge spans the St. Lawrence.



PART OF MONTREAL, FROM TOWERS OF NOTRE-DAME.

De Maisonneuve was not disturbed at first. He had completed his stockades and built his houses before the Iroquois had become aware of this new encroachment on their hunting grounds. The enmity of the Iroquois to the French, even at that early date, had become implacable, owing to Champlain and his successors having sided with the Hurons in the great tribal war already mentioned. How the Iroquois

harrassed the little garrison in the wilderness has been often related and forms one of the most stirring chapters in Canadian history.

The Iroquois did not discover the settlement of Ville-Marie till 1643, when an Algonquin pursued by them took refuge within its walls. Shortly afterwards a party of six unarmed men sawing wood were attacked. Three were killed and three carried into captivity. From that forth for fifty years the infant city had to fight for its existence. On one occasion, in 1552, a small band of Frenchmen defeated a body of two hundred Iroquois



ROYAL VICTORIA HOSPITAL.

in the neighborhood of the city. Tradition marks the Place d'Armes as the spot where Maisonneuve himself had a terrible hand-to-hand encounter with the Iroquois, from which he came out victorious. The Champ-de-Mars is still used as a military parade ground. The soldiers of France, the Continentals of the revolted colonies and British troops have trod this historic ground. The savage Iroquois have held their war dances on it. Now the Court House, in which the law is administered to French and English

alike, overlooks the place, and, near by, the City Hall rears its dome. Throughout this terrible period the garrison of Ville-Marie was never stronger than fifty men, who held their post with unparalleled gallantry against tremendous odds. The Indian allies of the French, the Hurons, were practically annihilated, and no aid came to the devoted garrison from France.

It was in this extremity that M^{lle} Mance had agreed to place in the hands of de Maisonneuve 22,000 francs, received from Madame Bouillon for the hospital. By this payment the hospital obtained the ground, now covered with houses and known as St. Ann's Ward, held by them *en fief*, as Fief Nazareth, for many years.

During this period of anxiety the heroic episode, in which Dollard and his sixteen companions devoted themselves to an enterprise which proved certain death, took place. These young men conceived the



BONAVENTURE DEPOT, GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY STATION.



THE BANK OF MONTREAL.

people for more than two and a quarter centuries. On every midsummer day, when the festival of St. Jean-Baptiste is kept with pageant, music, banners, and long processions, when thousands choke the streets, and triumphal arch after arch lift masses of flowers to the June sun; when invention has taxed itself to carry beautiful living pictures before the multitude, then there is always a tableau to commemorate the heroes of the Long Sault. If young children or strangers ask who was Dollard, any Frenchman is ready to answer: 'He was a man of courageous heart; he saved Canada from the Iroquois.' The dullest soul is stirred to passionate acclamation as the chevalier and his sixteen men go by."

the purpose of ascending the Ottawa to an advantageous post and surprising the marauding Mohawks, determining, if possible, to exterminate them and thus inflict a fearful punishment, while relieving the garrison of the terror that was paralyzing it. The party encountered the Iroquois, some accounts say at the Long Sault, others at the Chaudière, on the Ottawa. A terrible conflict took place. None of the seventeen ever returned to tell the tale. The news was brought by a Huron to Montreal, who declared all the French were killed, but caused such slaughter that the Iroquois were enabled to ascend over the bodies of their dead into the old palisade fort which the French were defending.

The "Romance of Dollard" is related by Mary Hartwell Catherwood in the *Century Magazine* of the the year 1888-89, who, at the conclusion of her charming narrative, writes:—"Dollard has been the darling of his



THE MERCHANTS BANK OF CANADA



MOLSONS BANK.

In 1663 the Company of Montreal sold their rights to the Seminary of St. Sulpice, which has been associated with every incident in the history of the city, and which still retains modified seigniorial rights over the island.

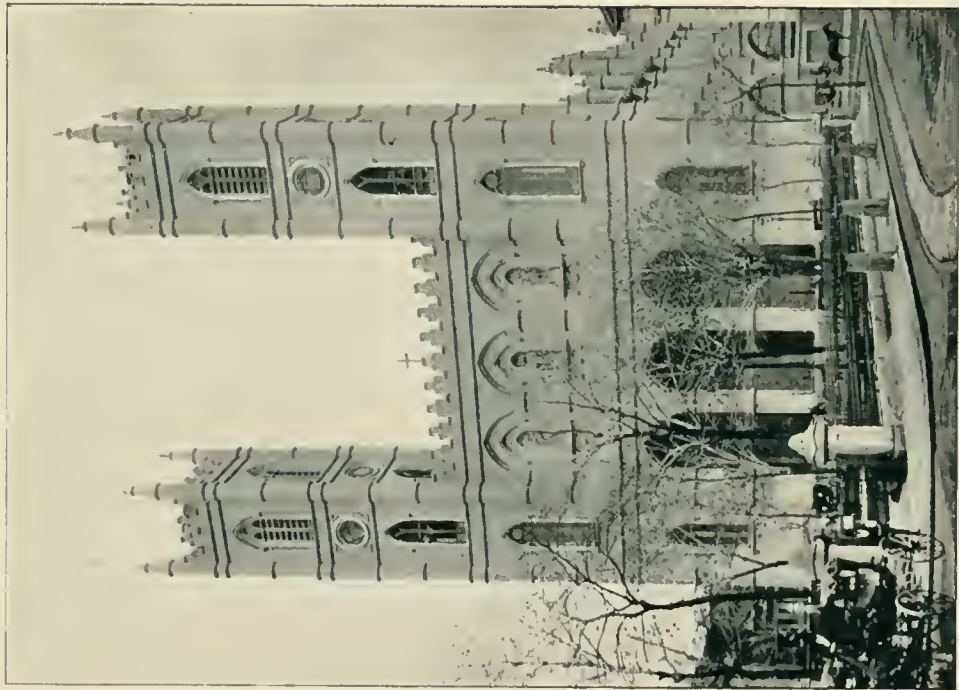


WINDSOR STREET STATION, CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.

grants, with horses, sheep, and a large supply of agricultural implements. Forts were erected at Sorel, Chambly and Ste. Thérèse. De Tracy followed up these operations by invading the Mohawk country in force and inflicted such severe punishment on that haughty tribe, that famine and smallpox spread

In 1672 the population had increased to 1,520, and in the following years the city was regularly laid out in streets, while suburbs began to spring up outside the walls. About the same time the village of La-prairie, on the south shore opposite, was founded by a number of Christian Iroquois. Subsequently they removed to Caughnawaga, a little further up the river, where their descendants remain to the present time, living according to their ancient customs and protected by treaty rights.

The terrible Indian war was not checked till the Marquis de Tracy arrived from the West Indies with a portion of the Carignan regiment in 1665. He also brought one hundred and twelve male and female emi-



THE CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME



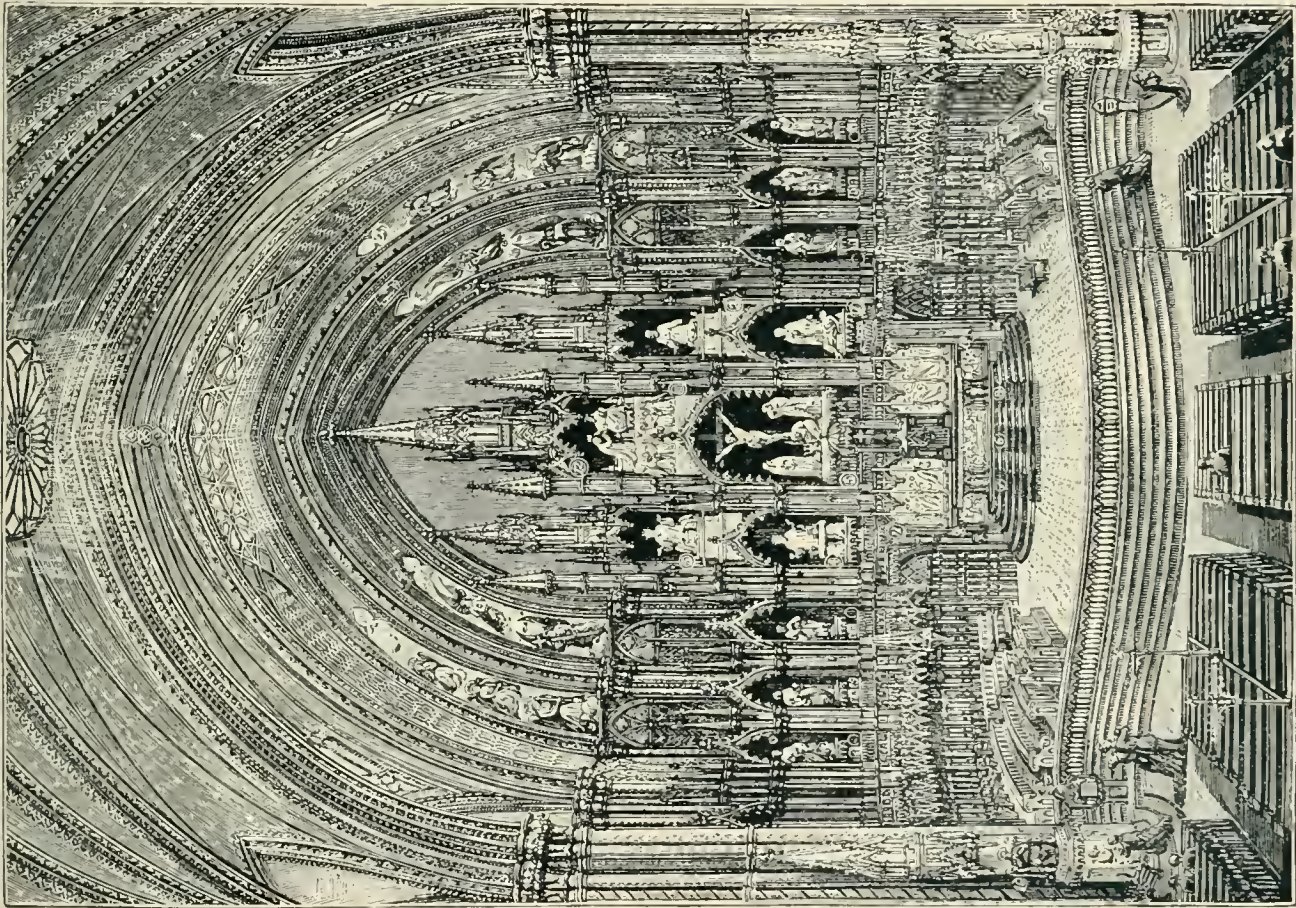
ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH.

among them and broke their power completely. War, however, continued to be waged between the French and English colonists and their allies. In 1690, an expedition, consisting of two hundred French and Indians, set out from Montreal on snowshoes and fell upon a Dutch settlement at Schenectady, putting all therein to fire and sword. In retaliation, a force of thirteen hundred men, under General Winthrop and Major Schuyler, was equipped for a movement on Montreal, by way of Lake Champlain, while a fleet was despatched against Quebec under command of Sir William Phips. The former accomplished nothing, owing to the difficulties of the march, and were easily repulsed, while the defeat of the latter by Frontenac is one of the most brilliant pages in the history of New France.

A great peace was concluded at Montreal in the year 1700-1 between the Iroquois on the one side and the Hurons, Ottawas, Abenakis and Algonquins on the other. The fortifications were, however, continued, and, by 1722, the city was surrounded by a stone wall, with bastions and regular works. The narrow street called Fortification Lane marks the line of the old defence on the land side, demolished in 1808. The citadel stood on Dalhousie Square. It was

then a high hill overlooking the town. The Earl of Dalhousie granted the site to the city and the land was leveled, as at present.

After the fall of Quebec in 1760, Montreal became the last stronghold of French power in America, and was soon invested by the British on all sides. General Murray moved from Quebec, while Colonel Haviland advanced his troops from Crown Point, on Lake Champlain, and up the Richelieu River. At



INTERIOR VIEW OF NOTRE-DAME CHURCH



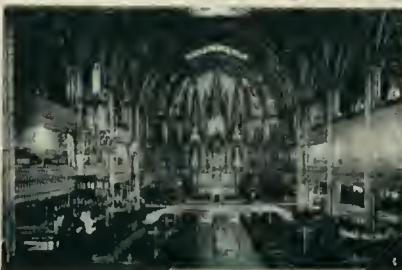
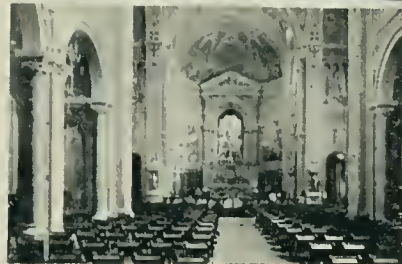
ST. PETER'S CATHEDRAL.

Ramezay, on Notre-Dame street, corner Jacques-Cartier Square, the official residence of the Marquis of Vaudreuil, Governor-General. There is, however, a local tradition that the articles of surrender were signed in a small farm house on the Côte-des-Neiges road, behind the mountain, which was destroyed by fire a few years ago, but the walls of which are still standing.

This capitulation included the vast country extending from the fishing stations of the Gulf of St. Lawrence to Michigan and Illinois. The regular French troops, amounting to 4,000, were permitted to march out from their several posts with all the honours of war and to be afterwards conveyed to France. The militia, numbering over 16,000, were allowed to return unmolested to their homes. To the inhabitants

the same time Sir Jeffrey Amherst, Commander-in-Chief, set out from Albany to Oswego, where he took boats to transport his troops to Montreal. When he reached Lachine, Haviland was master of the south shore opposite the city, and Murray occupied the territory to the foot of the island. Lévis had fired his last musket, Vaudreuil had exhausted his diplomacy, and there only remained to be enacted the final scene of capitulation, whereby the fairest colony of France was transferred to Great Britain. As Bancroft, the historian, says of Wolfe's victory, "this crowning act gave to the English tongue and the institutions of the Germanic race the unexplored and seemingly infinite North and West."

It is not known exactly where this impressive event took place. Most historians locate it at the Château de



CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL.
ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH.

ST. JAMES METHODIST CHURCH.
NOTRE-DAME DE LOURDES.
NOTRE-DAME PARISH CHURCH

ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH.
THE GESU.



NELSON'S MONUMENT AND CHATEAU DE RAMEZAY

the free exercise of their religion was granted, as well as the undisturbed possession of their property and slaves, and the same commercial privileges which other British colonists enjoyed.

When the American War of Independence broke out, a few years later, an army was sent by the Revolutionists to capture Canada. Ethan Allen, of Vermont, United States, in 1775 made a dash on Montreal with a force of only two hundred men; but General Carleton, learning of his approach, drew together two hundred and fifty local militia, chiefly English and French, and, with thirty men of the 29th Regiment, prepared for defence. Allen, however, instead of proceeding at once to Montreal, took possession of some houses in the neighborhood, where he



RUINS OF CAPITULATION HOUSE.



AN EAST VIEW OF MONTREAL IN 1759.
DRAWN ON THE SPOT BY THOMAS PATIEN ENGRAVED BY P. CANOT



ETHAN ALLEN MONUMENT,
BURLINGTON, VT.

was surrounded next day and compelled to surrender, after a loss of five killed and ten wounded. Allen and his men were sent prisoners to England, where they were confined in Pendennis Castle.

During the last days of October, Montgomery appeared before Montreal, which, being short of provisions and ammunition, was compelled to capitulate. The garrison was allowed to march out with the honors of war, and Montreal was taken possession of in the name of the Continental Congress. The city was occupied during the winter by the Americans, and Benjamin Franklin, with a brother of Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, visited the city to induce the Canadians to join in the rebellion. They failed in their purpose, however, principally owing to the firm stand taken by the Catholic clergy against them. They signalized their stay by establishing a newspaper, which is still flourishing—the *Montreal Gazette*. The Americans were not allowed to retain their advantage, for, in the spring 1777, they evacuated the city and retired from Canada, Montgomery having been killed in his futile attack on Quebec.

From that time forward the history of Montreal has been a record of successful commercial enterprise. Her merchants extended their trade far into the North-West, their *voyageurs* penetrating to the Rocky Mountains and the shores of Hudson's Bay. There are episodes in this period of the history of the city, down to 1830, which have the charm of romance, and which were celebrated in many local traditions. About 1840 steam navigation was established on the river and upper lakes. Afterwards railways were constructed, and the dawn of a new era brightened into full daylight, when a direct railway route from Montreal to the Pacific, on the one side, and to the Atlantic on the other, was opened.



VIEW ON SHERBROOKE STREET, LOOKING WEST.

LA SALLE.

Among those whose names are connected with the early history of Montreal, there is none around whose memory a greater halo of romance is cast than *Sieur de la Salle*. He believed that the way to China lay by the *St. Lawrence* and the great lakes, and when he made his settlement at the *Grand Sault St. Louis*, just above *Montreal*, he named it *Lachine*. He abandoned that place, however, to explore the far West. He built the fort at *Cataraqui*, and thus founded the present city of *Kingston*. He also navigated *Lake Ontario*, and built *Fort Niagara* at the mouth of that river. In his wanderings in the land of the *Illinois*, he pitched upon the present site of *Chicago* as a trading post, discovered the *Mississippi*, and was murdered by his own followers, after tracing the *Father of Waters* to where it empties into the *Gulf of Mexico*.

Lachine was the starting point on this eventful journey into the unknown wilderness. *La Salle's* whole party consisted of twenty-four men with seven canoes. These were the first pioneers of the great West. Of *La Salle*, *Parkman* writes: "Beset by a throng of enemies, he stands, like the *King of Israel*, head and shoulders over them all. He was a tower of adamant, against whose impregnable front hardship and danger, the rage of man and the elements, the southern sun, the northern blast, fatigue, famine and disease, delays, disappointment, and deferred hope emptied their quivers in vain. That very pride which, *Carolanus-like*, declared itself most sternly in the thickest press of foes, has in it something to challenge admiration. Never under the impenetrable mail of paladin or crusader beat a heart of more intrepid mettle than within the stoic panoply that armed the breast of *La Salle*. To estimate aright the marvels of his patient fortitude, one



ART ASSOCIATION BUILDING, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

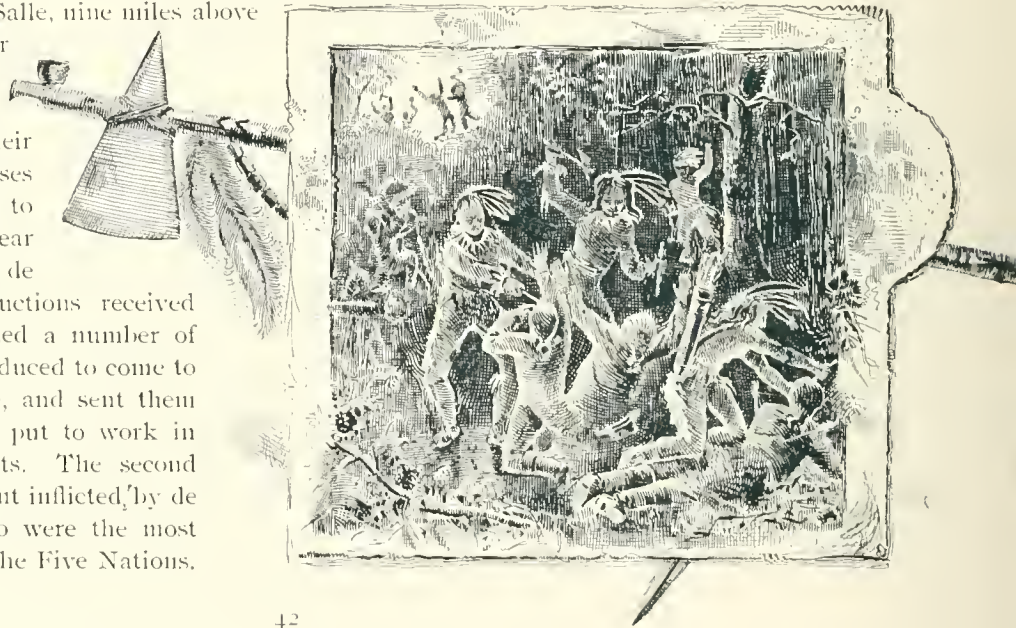


VIEW ON DORCHESTER STREET

must follow on his track through the vast scenes of his interminable journeyings, those thousands of weary miles of forest, marsh and river, where, again and again, in the bitterness of baffled striving, the untiring pilgrim pushed onward towards the goal he was never to attain. America owes him an enduring memory: for, in this masculine figure, she sees the pioneer who guided her to her richest heritage."

THE MASSACRE OF LACHINE.

The village founded by La Salle, nine miles above Montreal, has other and gloomier memories. Two hundred years ago the Iroquois massacred the inhabitants and devoted their homes to the flames. Three causes may be said to have led up to this massacre. First, in the year 1687, the French governor, M. de Denonville, according to instructions received from the Court of France, seized a number of Iroquois chiefs, whom he had induced to come to Cataraqui, as if to a conference, and sent them off to France, where they were put to work in the king's galleys like convicts. The second cause was the severe chastisement inflicted by de Denonville on the Senecas, who were the most numerous, if not the bravest, of the Five Nations,





RESIDENCES OF SOME PROMINENT
CITIZENS

LORD MOUNT STEPHEN,
A. F. GAULI

R. B. ANGUS,
H. MONTAGU ALLAN.

SIR DONALD A. SMITH
HON. GEORGE DRUMMOND.



ESPECIALLY ENJOYED FOR WINTER TRIP TO MONTREAL

MONTREAL FROM THE



UNTAIN (WINTER VIEW)



HARBOR COMMISSIONERS' OFFICES.

The seizure of their chiefs and the defeat of the Senecas roused the ferocity of the other tribes. They attacked the fortified places and ravaged the settlements along the Richelieu, and were with difficulty driven off. In the meantime, word was sent out from the kings of England and France instructing their colonial governors to abstain from hostile acts against each other, and also to see that their Indian allies did the same.

Accordingly the English governor advised the Iroquois chiefs to make peace with the French on the following terms: Compensation to the Senecas, the restoration of the Iroquois who had been carried off to France, as well as other captives, the demolition of Forts Niagara and Frontenac. De Denonville met the Iroquois deputies at Three Rivers, and agreed to their terms in reference to prisoners and forts; but the other points were not settled, and the Iroquois returned for further instructions from their own people. On their way they were met by a certain renowned Huron chief, named Kondiaronk (Le Rat), who, with his followers, suddenly fell upon them—killing and wounding several before he would listen to their protestations that they were a peace party on their way home. Pretending to be much surprised at this, he assured them that he was acting under orders received from the governor himself.

The Iroquois acted just as "Le Rat" had anticipated: they were completely deceived, and returned home burning with revenge for the supposed wrong done to them. The efforts of "Le Rat" to prevent the Iroquois and French from coming to terms were but too successful, and a terrible act of revenge and slaughter was resolved upon, which culminated in the massacre of Lachine.

Months passed away in doubt and uncertainty, and with the 14th of July, 1689, came the news that the mother countries were now at war with each other in consequence of James II. taking refuge at St. Germain's, and the colonial governors were released from their former orders. As a storm gives



VIEW OF MONTREAL HARBOR.



VILLA MARIA CONVENT.

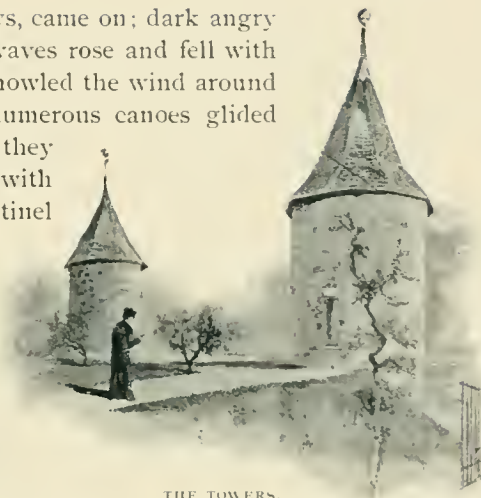
rence. The cheerful clatter of the *sabots* of the housewife as she moved to and fro on her errands, the joyous shouts of the children as they mingled at play, and the distant murmur of men's voices as they worked in the fields, were the only sounds that broke upon the stillness of that quiet scene. No thought of cruel, treacherous foe, lurking on the other side of the river, with hand grasping tomahawk and poisoned arrow,

warning of its approach, so did the fury, which was about to burst upon the unfortunate colonists, begin to show itself by certain movements among the Iroquois tribes. Père de Lamberville and LeMoynes de Longueuil were sent to quiet, if possible, the hostile feeling of the Senecas; but they failed to produce any effect upon the chiefs. Quietly, but surely, the Iroquois went on with the preparations for their bloody work. The 4th of August, 1689, dawned clear and beautiful, as only a Canadian summer day can. A cloudless sky looked down upon the happy homes of the peaceful little village, nestling below the woods and fringing the banks of the broad St. Lawrence.

came to disturb the minds of the people. Night, with its creeping shadows, came on; dark angry clouds swept the sky, the wind moaned drearily through the trees, the waves rose and fell with a sullen sound on the shore. Darker grew the night, fiercer and wilder howled the wind around that doomed village. And then, amidst a storm of rain and hail, numerous canoes glided forth from their hiding place and shot across the water. No sooner had they touched the land than out leaped hundreds of savage warriors, who, with stealthy step, grouped themselves around each home. No cry from sentinel arose to warn those doomed ones of the awful fate which was about to overtake them. If some nervous sleeper did awake and listen for a moment with that nameless dread of some impending calamity, "it was but the noise of the storm," he said and sleepily laid down

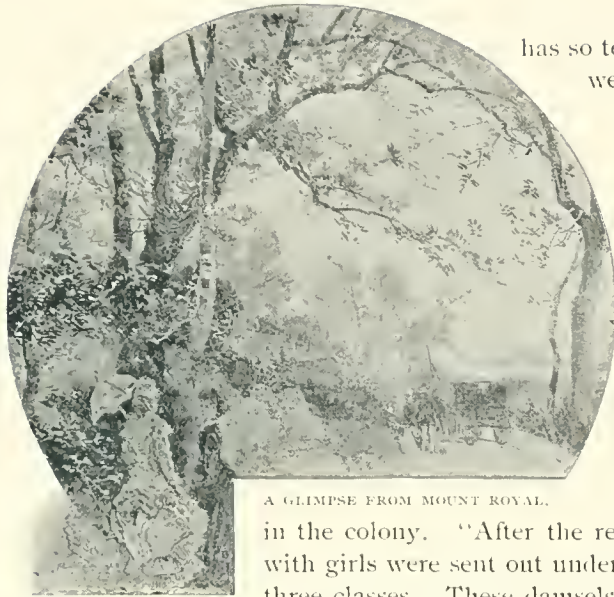


MONTREAL COLLEGE.



THE TOWERS.

again—to wake to what? To the yell of the Indian war-whoop, to the glare of burning houses and the shrieks of men and women as they were hurled into the flames, or fell beneath the tomahawk. The cruelties committed on that awful night were indescribable. Never before or since



A GLEMPSE FROM MOUNT ROYAL.

has so terrible a tragedy occurred in Canada. The few who escaped were cut down as they fled on their way to Montreal. The ruin and havoc extended for miles and miles. Not a home was left standing. Even to the gates of Montreal, all were burned.

WIVES FOR SETTLERS.

It seems that in the early settlement of the country it was found advisable to ship considerable numbers of the fair sex, as has been done in still later days, to provide wives for the settlers. The girls were selected in France by nuns, who accompanied them to Quebec and Montreal. Baron La Hontan gives an amusing account of these consignments, sent out in 1684 to be married to the men of the Carignan regiment which had been disbanded in the colony. "After the reduction of these troops," he writes, "many vessels loaded with girls were sent out under the direction of some old beguines, who divided them into three classes. These damsels were, so to speak, piled up, the one on the other, in three different chambers, where the husbands chose their wives, in the same manner as the butcher goes to choose his sheep in the middle of the flock. There was material to content the fantastical in the diversity of girls in those three seraglios—for there were to be seen there tall and short, fair and brown, fat and lean, in short, every one found a shoe to fit his foot. At the end of fifteen days not one remained. I have been told that the fattest were the soonest carried off, because it was imagined that being less active, they would have more trouble to leave their housekeeping, and would better resist the great cold of the winter; but many

people who went on this principle were taken in by it. * * *

“Those who desired to marry addressed themselves to the directresses, to whom they were bound to declare their property and facilities before choosing from these three classes her whom they found to their taste. The marriage was concluded on the spot by the aid of the priest and the notary, and the next day the Governor caused to be distributed to the married—a bull, a cow, a hog, a sow, a cock, a hen, two barrels of salt meat, eleven crowns and certain acres.”



ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.



YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

THE OLD FRENCH RÉGIME.

In his "Pioneers of France in the New World," Francis Parkman mournfully reviews in the following strain the vanished glories of old France in her former vast dominions in America :

"The French dominion is a memory of the past ; and when we invoke its departed shades, they rise upon us from their graves in strange romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp-fires seem to burn, and a fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same errand. A boundless vision grows upon us ; an untamed continent ; vast wastes of forest verdure ; mountains silent in primeval sleep ; river, lake and glimmering pool ; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests ; priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with mild, paternal sway, and stood serene

before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

PLACES OF INTEREST.

There are many places in Montreal, not mentioned in the foregoing pages, well worthy a visit. Place d'Armes, the original "God's Acre," where the first pioneers were buried, afterwards became the great square of the walled city, and is now a handsome railed enclosure with trees and a fountain. Facing it on the south is the Church of Notre Dame. This is one of the largest edifices of the kind on the continent, the largest being the Cathedral of Mexico. It is 255 feet long and 135 broad. This church cost \$1,000,000. The ground floor is covered with pews, capable of seating 10,000 persons; the galleries will hold about 3,000 more. To see this church crowded, as is the case at the *Fête Dieu* or *Corpus Christi*, at Christmas Midnight Mass, or any other particular holiday, is a most imposing sight, and one that can never be forgotten by the spectator. The great organ in this church is admitted to be, not



HIGH SCHOOL.



MCGILL UNIVERSITY AND GROUNDS, SHERBROOKE STREET



McGILL UNIVERSITY ENGINEERING BUILDING

ENDOWED BY MR. WM. McDONALD.

only the largest, but also the finest instrument in America. Several years were needed to build and complete it. All who are so fortunate as to hear its magnificent strains cannot but feel an appreciation worthy its workmanship and perfection. It is said to have cost \$50,000. In the rear of the grand altar is the new Notre-Dame Chapel, unequalled on this continent and erected at a cost of about \$300,000. The two towers of Notre-Dame are each 220 high, and its great bell weighs 29,400 lbs. In the north-east tower are a chime of bells, while the north-west one contains the giant bell, which is named *Gros Bourdon* from its deep bass tone. This tower is always open to the public on the payment of a small fee, and from



NEW BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING.

its summit a most magnificent view is obtained. In the far distance the blue hills of Vermont tower up; a magnificent plain stretches miles and miles on either hand covered with cultivated farms; the splendid River St. Lawrence, two miles wide, intervening, crossed by the tubular bridge, and stretching away, like a silver thread, in the far-off distance.

Next to Notre-Dame Church is the Seminary of St. Sulpice, built over two hundred years ago in the Romanesque style of architecture, with its ancient clock still telling the hours, as it has for generations, and the old wall, originally built and loopholed for defence against the Indians, standing by the busy thoroughfare. The Bank of Montreal on the opposite, or northern, side of the square, with its lofty Corinthian pillared portico, shares with the Seminary of St. Sulpice the envied distinction of being the wealthiest monetary institution in America. The frescoing of the interior of the bank on the ground floor is exceedingly artistic and contains a number of historic pieces. The buildings on this square and in its neighborhood are among the finest in America; the city Post Office, the New York Life Insurance, the Imperial Life Insurance and Royal Insurance Companies, the Jacques-Cartier Bank, the Banque Nationale, etc.



SPECIALLY ENGRAVED FOR "ILLUSTRATED MONTREAL"

SACRED HEART CONVENT, SAULT-AU-RECOLLET (BACK RIVER, NEAR MONTREAL)

THE CHAPEL,
THE GROUNDS,

ROAD TO CONVENT,
THE CONVENT,

AVENUE IN GARDEN,
STUDY HALL,

THE PUPILS PROMENADE

Montreal is a city of churches. To inspect them all, or nearly all, would well repay the tourist for his time and trouble. Principal among them are Christ Church Cathedral (Anglican), considered one of the finest specimens of Gothic architecture on the continent; the new Methodist Church on St. Catherine street;



ST. JAMES CLUB.

Recollet Fathers granted them the use of their church on Notre-Dame street. Modern vandalism demolished that structure, endeared to Catholics and Protestants alike, some years ago. St. Patrick's Church, Alexander street, is a massive building, associated with the growth of the Irish Catholic population of the city, which is now estimated as nearly one-third of the total. The Presbyterians have several magnificent

St. Peter's Cathedral (Roman Catholic), Dominion Square, a most imposing structure, and fac-simile of St. Peter's at Rome, but only one-half its dimensions; the Church of the Gésu, Bleury street. The frescoing in this beautiful edifice is said to be unequalled in America. The Chapel of Notre-Dame de Lourdes and the Chapel of Nazareth Asylum, each unique in its way, are gems of architecture and contain paintings of the greatest merit and value. Bouscours Church, the oldest in the city, containing a miraculous statue of the Virgin, and associated with the heroic era of the city's history, should be visited.

Old St. Gabriel's Presbyterian Church, the first Protestant place of worship erected in Montreal, still stands at the west end of the Champ-de-Mars. It is now used by the School of Art. In the olden times, when the Protestants had no place of worship, the

churches, all attended by large congregations, for the Scotch in Montreal are not only numerous, but very wealthy, and, since the conquest, have contributed more than any other nationality to the business development of the city.

There are three Jewish synagogues in the city, that recently erected on Stanley street being an imposing structure in a severe style of architecture, resembling the ancient temples of Egypt.

The religious character of the city is shown by the number of its convents, hospitals and public charities, as well as by churches and educational institutions.



VICTORIA RIFLES' ARMOURY.

DRILL SHED.



CUSTOM HOUSE.

The convents of the Congregation of Notre-Dame at Villa Maria, of the Sacred Heart at Back River, and others, have a world-wide fame, and pupils come to them from all parts of America.

Among hospitals, the Hôtel-Dieu, at the northern outskirts of the city, is the oldest, most extensive and wealthiest. The General Hospital is founded on the broadest principals of philanthropy. The Royal Victoria Hospital, in course of construction, is the magnificent gift to the city by two of its leading citizens, Lord Mount Stephen and Sir Donald Smith, K.C.M.G.

Situated in the suburb of Verdun is the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, recently erected by private subscription, supplemented by a grant from the Provincial Government, and intended to supply the best and most scientific treatment for the cure of insanity.

The Longue Pointe Asylum, in charge of Catholic religious ladies, is a vast institution below Hochelaga and beyond the eastern limits of the city. It was destroyed by fire in the summer of 1850, when some fifty or sixty of the inmates, including several of the nuns, perished in the flames.

There are, besides those mentioned, the Protestant House of Industry and Refuge, the McKay Institute

for Protestant Deaf-Mutes, the Montreal Dispensary, the Ladies' Benevolent Institution, the Protestant Infants' Home, the Protestant Orphan Asylum, the Harvey Institute, the Women's Protective Immigration Society, the University Hospital, and the Western Hospital. The Roman Catholic Institutions of a similar character are in charge of the sisters of the various religious orders.

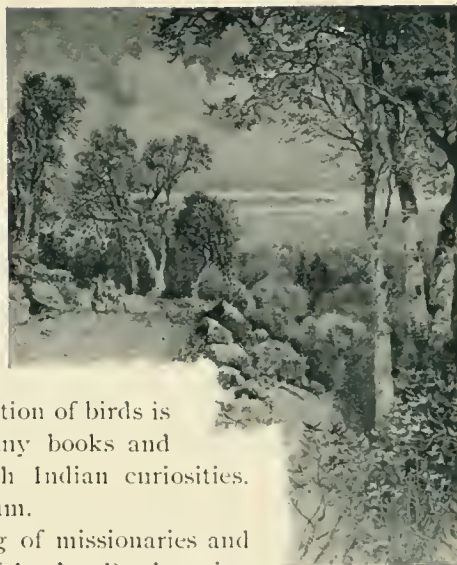
The McGill College University is the principal seat of learning in the city, and takes rank with the leading universities of England and the United States. The buildings are surrounded by beautiful grounds and contain a fine library and museum.

The Natural History Society has the best museum in the Dominion. It possesses the "Ferrier Collection" of Egyptian Antiquities, said to be the most perfect of the kind in America. The collection of birds is very fine and well arranged. Here may also be found a great many books and prints relating to the early settlement and history of Canada, with Indian curiosities. Perhaps no place in Montreal will better repay a visit than this museum.

The Presbyterian College of Montreal is devoted to the training of missionaries and ministers speaking English, French and Gaelic, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

The Montreal College and Grand Seminary, or the Seminary of St. Sulpice, on Sherbrooke street west, has a large number of students and professors. There are two courses of study—one for the Church and the other for professions.

Laval University is to the French Catholics what the McGill University is to the English and Protestants of the Province. The chief seat of this institution is at Quebec.



THE MOUNTAIN DRIVE.

St. Mary's College, otherwise called the Jesuits' College, on Bleury street, is under the management of the Jesuit Fathers.

Villa Maria Convent is the mother house of the Sisters of the Congregation. It has accommodation for a great many pupils. The nuns in this Order make an annual retreat here from all parts of the country. The older part of the building was formerly known as Monklands, and was at one time the residence of the Governor-General of Canada.

The nuns of the Order of the Sacred Heart have an academy in Montreal, and a very beautiful convent at Sault-au-Recollet, six miles distant from the city. This is one of the most popular drives in the vicinity of the city, the road being particularly interesting, and the site of the convent extremely picturesque.

The Hochelaga Convent is the mother house of the Sisters of the Order of the Holy Names of Jesus and Mary.

The Veterinary College, Montreal, possesses a very important School of Veterinary Science, under the care of Principal McEachran. Students from a great distance come to attend this college. It has six professors besides the principal.

Board of Art Schools. These are free evening classes for drawing. The Montreal school has three hundred pupils.

On the grounds of the Montreal College are still standing the old walls and watch-towers built by the Sulpicians to defend their habitation from Indian attacks. These relics of olden time are kept in a good state of repair and shown to visitors with pleasure by the good fathers.

The Art Gallery on Phillips Square contains a splendid collection of paintings and sculpture.

Bonsecours Market should be visited on Tuesday or Friday, the great market days. The scene then presented is peculiarly characteristic of French Canada and gives a better idea of the *habitant*—his customs, ideas and state of progress than can be had anywhere else.



PARK DRIVE.

Not far from this famous market, on the brow of the sloping hill that forms Jacques-Cartier Square, stands Nelson's pillar, one of the landmarks of the city. Near by, on the corner of this Square and Notre-Dame street, is the ancient Château de Ramezay, now an hotel. This building is associated with some of the most important events in the history of Canada. Within its venerable walls the final arrangements were made for the withdrawal of the last French garrison in Montreal. It was long occupied as a residence by successive commanders of the British forces. General Montgomery made it his headquarters when the city was held by the Continental troops. The old Government House adjoining the Château, now occupied by

law courts, was for many years the residence of successive governors-general, and is also associated with many stirring historical episodes.

Victoria bridge, one of the greatest, if not the greatest, engineering feat of the age, connects the Grand Trunk Railway with the Island of Montreal and the south shore of the St. Lawrence. It is built of iron on the tubular principle. There are two long abutments and twenty-four piers of solid masonry. The length of the bridge is two miles. The tube through which the railway track is laid is twenty-two feet high and sixteen wide. The total cost



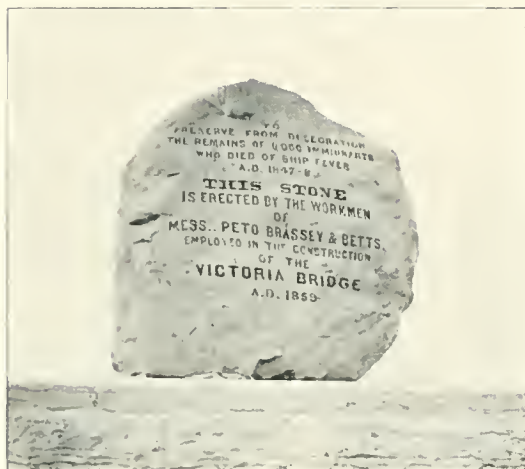
VICTORIA BRIDGE, G. T. R.

of the structure was \$6,300,000. It is the creation of the same genius that spanned the Menai Straits, Robert Stephenson and A. M. Ross having been the engineers who planned this great work. To look from one of the openings in the centre piers on to the St. Lawrence rushing past in one grand stream far below, sweeping under the bridge in eddies and whirlpools, or bursting into spirits of angry foam as it strikes the sharp edges of the masonry—to look along the sides of the iron tube, which tapers away at each end in the distance till it seems a mere rod of metal, one cannot but be astounded, not only how such a design was carried out, but how it could ever have been conceived as practicable.

Another iron bridge of more modern design spans the St. Lawrence at Lachine and connects the Canadian Pacific Railway with Montreal. This bridge illustrates in a striking manner the change that has taken place in engineering methods of bridge building since the erection of the Victoria Bridge. It is constructed on the cantilever principle: its light, airy, seemingly fragile spans offer no resistance to the wind, and combine the minimum of weight with the maximum of stability. This bridge gives Montreal an alternative transcontinental route by rail, and confirms the com-



ST. LAWRENCE BRIDGE, C. P. R., LACHINE.



IMMIGRANTS' MEMORIAL STONE.

Champlain. It was for a long time the property of the Longueuil family, from whom it was purchased by the British Government for military purposes, as it commands the approach to the harbor from the sea. A barrack, two ancient block houses, and a dismantled battery, once used for saluting, and a military graveyard, are all that remain of its former military strength. A portion of the island has been placed at the disposal of the city temporarily for a public park and recreation ground, and is the favorite resort of the working-classes on Sundays and holidays. It is also a great place for athletic games and sports, picnics and national societies' celebrations. There are swimming baths, belonging to the Montreal Swimming Club, on its south-eastern shore. It is easy of access by ferry, and is the most delightful breathing-place that could be imagined for a great city.

manding position of the city as the entrepôt at the head of ocean navigation of the commerce of the East and West.

At Point St. Charles, near the end of Victoria Bridge, is a plot of ground, associated with the terrible epidemic of ship fever, as the burying-ground of the victims. The fence about the plot is hardly well kept. In the centre is an enormous boulder, called the "Immigrants' Memorial Stone," taken from the bed of the St. Lawrence river and erected on a foundation of stone work by the workmen employed in the construction of Victoria Bridge. It bears the following inscription :

" To preserve from Desecration the Remains of 6,000 Immigrants
Who Died of Ship Fever, A. D., 1847-8.
This Stone is Erected by the Workmen of Messrs. Peto, Brassey & Betts
employed in the construction of the Victoria Bridge, A. D., 1859."

ST. HELEN'S ISLAND.

This beautiful, wooded and historic island, in the centre of the river, directly opposite the city, was named after the wife of

MUSCULAR MONTREAL.

(Specially contributed for ILLUSTRATED MONTREAL by MR. K. W. SANDYS. All rights reserved.)

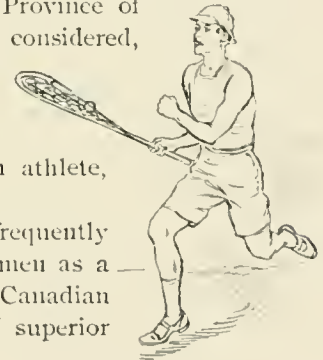
"Skilled in all the craft of hunters,
In all youthful sports and pastimes,
In all manly arts and labours."
—*The Song of Hiawatha.*

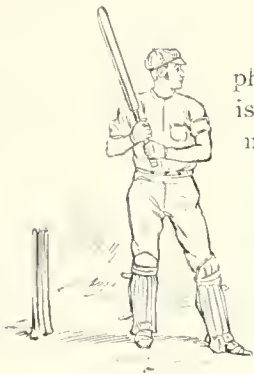


TO Montreal unquestionably belongs the honour of being the most distinctively Canadian city. Financially the strongest, commercially the greatest, and in population the largest, with its mingling of nationalities and associations of historical and romantic interest, it offers a field for all interested in the study of Canadian life and methods such as is not duplicated within the boundaries of the broad Dominion. Here is the great centre of wealth and business, and, as a natural result, also the great centre of sports and pastimes. Montreal's strong rival, Toronto, is rapidly striding forward, and is already disputing with lusty strength for supremacy. In some branches of sport the Queen City of Ontario actually leads her stately sister of the Province of Quebec; but to Montreal yet must be awarded the palm, all points considered, and here alone may the stranger obtain a true idea of Canadians at their best and intelligently observe the manifold means of recreation of one of the most sport-loving nations of the world.

The typical Canadian is naturally a sturdy, fearless, self-reliant fellow, a born athlete, able to hold his own with all comers in so far as natural qualifications go.

The fame of the men of Montreal is widespread, and one of the opinions most frequently expressed by visitors is that our city possesses as fine looking a body of young men as a critical judge might wish to see. This does not reflect unfavourably upon other Canadian cities. The typical Canadian, no matter where his home may be, is a man of superior





physique,—only in Montreal, the greatest centre, it is more readily noticeable. Young Canada is as good as the best, let them come from where they may. Scorning to be a mere prize-winning machine controlled by the directorate of some powerful athletic club, it is comparatively seldom that he undergoes the severe training necessary to enable him to fairly meet athletes who are professionals in everything but name, hence he is seldom found figuring prominently in great athletic contests—that is, as a Canadian. But search the records of the deeds of the kings of brawn and muscle; trace the pedigrees of some of the giants who strive for the honour of leading American athletic associations, and here and there will be found Canadians who are not only leading men, but unconquerable champions in what they have undertaken.

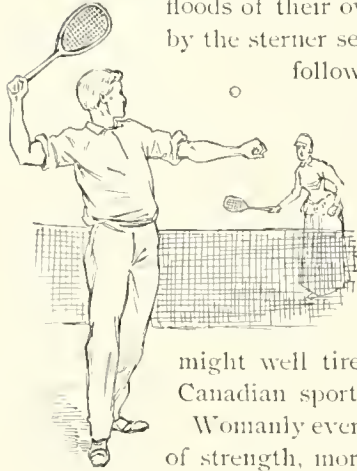
Still, the number of Canadians who follow athletic sports to anywhere near the semi-professional limit is comparatively small. Loving sport for sport's sake, taking to it as naturally as a duck takes to water, and generally excelling in whatever branch of it his taste favours, the Young Canadian seldom allows his inclination in this direction to lead him beyond a very moderate distinction. His hardy constitution and powerful frame are due to his love of out-door exercise and healthy mode of living, and he races, or plays this or that game, or develops his muscles principally for fun. He is a manly man in the best sense of that term, and is generally quite prepared to accept a man's higher responsibilities at an early age. He is business-like in his ideas, hence he soon realizes that business, not play, should rule, and that if he intends to make his mark in some honourable occupation, he cannot devote the best years of his life to the pursuit of athletic fame. This is the reason why so many promising men desert the cinder-path, the weight-throwing and other branches of sport just at the time when they are approaching their best form, and when, had they remained in the field, their chances for the highest honors were almost certainties. But they do not lose their love of sport. That is a national characteristic and bound to assert itself until their race is run. It shows in their





SOUVENIR OF THE MONTREAL WINTER CARNIVAL, 1888

infancy and clings to them throughout the years. Their lives are ever tinged with this love of freedom and manly methods. In their grandly picturesque land they, perhaps insensibly, draw very near to Nature's heart, their recreations are as healthful as the breath of their own pine forests, as pure as the sparkling floods of their own broad streams. Nor are what may be termed the harder sports, favored solely by the sterner sex.



The young women of Canada join heartily with their brothers in pastime, and follow eagerly every path that a womanly woman may follow safely and modestly and with real benefit. Figures of willowy grace, lithe and supple as panthers, may be seen in hundreds at every gathering of young people, or upon the promenades, at the tennis courts, regattas, etc.

Tiny hands, whose shapeliness is not marred by tan, grasp the racquet, the oar, the paddle, or the trout-rod, with the grip of the expert. Tiny feet, daintily booted and shod with flashing steel, trace out the intricacies of difficult figures upon the ice with an ease that many a man might envy, or, when the moccasins are donned, trudge bravely over miles of snow upon the netted shoes that

might well tire an ordinary man, and would utterly exhaust a novice at Canadian sports, no matter what amount of muscle he was blessed with.

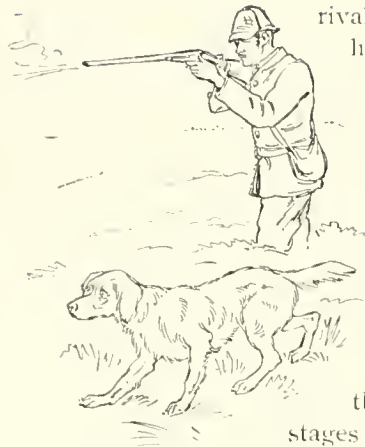
Womanly ever, and, perhaps, a trifle reserved, the Canadian girl is a tower of strength, morally and physically, and brave and self-reliant to a degree.

The howl of the wintry blast, the swirl of the driving snow, the plunging rush of the canoe down the rapid, or the wild speed of the swift toboggan down some icy steep, (which never fails to fill a foreign man's heart with terror and make him clench his teeth and repent of all misdoings), have no terrors for her. These are her rightful amusements, and to them she owes her fearless heart and splendid health. As Minnehaha followed Hiawatha, so follows she her stalwart leader,



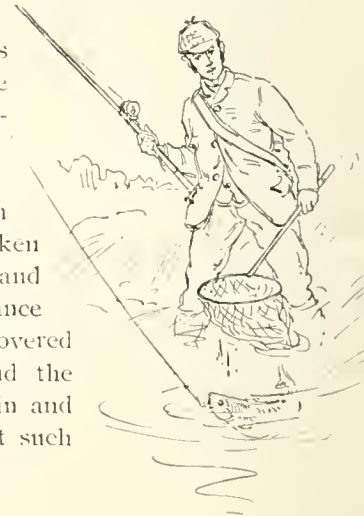


TOROGGAN INCIDENT.

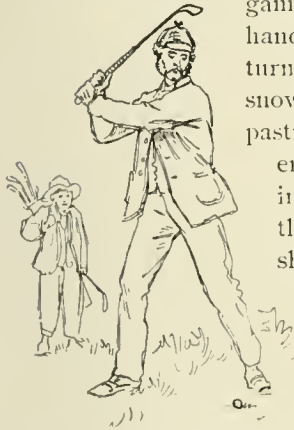


rivalling him often until the limit of womanly competition is reached, then bidding him gracefully farewell, but sympathizing keenly with his further efforts, and encouraging him by her presence and hearty admiration to the performance of greater deeds to which she may not aspire. As unto the bow the cord is, so is the noble influence of the Canadian girl in out-door pastimes. Elevating, refining and stimulating, to her gentle power must be attributed much of the enduring popularity and purity of the most characteristic sports of the country.

Young Canada shows his sport-loving mind ere he discards frocks. Wee, sturdy fellows, hardly able to talk, struggle with their little lacrosse sticks upon the boulevards in summer, or plunge or slide in the snow, like so many otter pups, in winter. They are clothed for the climate, the snow is dry, and they wade in it, roll in it and dive in it, as though it was so much straw. Then follow successive stages of pastimes. First, at youth's changing games, embracing the entire catalogue. Anon, afield with rifle and gun, or following the clanging music of the pack pressing their fox, riding as true to their line as did their ancestors over sea. A few years more and soberer tastes prefer the salmon and trout rods, the skate is displaced by the curling stone, the lacrosse field forsaken for the golf or bowls, until at last there comes a time when frames, grown portly and locks bleached white, are grouped within the "Grand Stand" and old eyes glance kindly down upon sons and grandsons struggling stoutly with crosse or leather-covered bladder, as the veterans did in the by-gone days. To thoroughly understand the Canadian's devotion to out-door sports, a stranger should spend one entire year in and about Montreal, for each season has its pastimes. The climatic changes present such

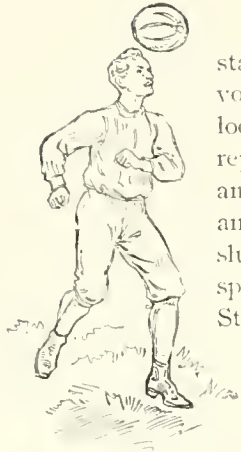


broadly differing conditions that every branch of sport can be followed in turn and every month of the year enjoyed. Summer sees a host of different craft afloat at Lachine and other points along the noble St. Lawrence. Yachts, skiffs, canoes, racing shells, etc., are utilized during every spare moment at the different localities for summer residence, while cricket, tennis, golf, football, bowls, quoits and every summer game, save baseball, has its staunch supporters. During spring and autumn football, handball, racquets, racing, fox-hunting, fishing, shooting, etc., all claim prominence in turn, while from the time the turf is fit to run on in the spring, until the November snows cover it, a dozen or more clubs are practising constantly at the redman's ancient pastime, Canada's national game, lacrosse. Here it is followed with a whole-souled enthusiasm that cannot be found in any other Canadian city or town, not even excepting lacrosse-loving Toronto, for nowhere else is such widespread interest evinced, in this, the peer of all out-door games. But it is during the winter months that Montreal shows to the greatest advantage as a centre for outdoor sports. Blessed, as a rule, with a plentiful snowfall and a wintry climate, seldom broken by excessive variations of temperature, the characteristic amusements of snowshoeing, tobogganning, curling, skating and hockey, flourish as they can flourish nowhere else. Winter is here a season of uninterrupted jollity. Any Saturday afternoon, during the winter proper, the guest at the "Windsor" enjoys



an excellent opportunity for observing something of Montreal's snow-pastimes. First comes the "Drive," in which the city's wealth and fashion take great interest. Sleighs of all descriptions, from the imposing four-in-hand turnout downward, including tandems, unicorns, singles, etc., gather in front of the great hotel, and, at the merry blast of the horn, move off in a

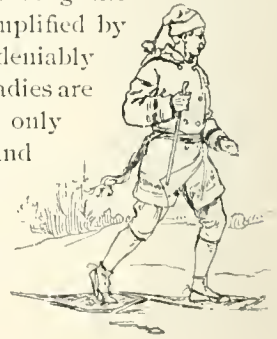




stately procession through some of the snowy streets and thence to an appointed rendezvous—such as the “Kennels.” Meantime, from every direction, appear handsome, sinewy-looking young fellows, clothed in the picturesque blanket costume of the snowshoers. These represent some of the dozen or more snowshoe clubs of the city. Some wear the Royal Purple and Red Cross of St. George, others the old Tuque Bleue, or the Tartan of Argyle, the Blue and White of Le Canadien, or the Green of the Emeralds, etc. Most of these have snowshoes slung upon their sturdy backs, but some are intent upon tobogganning. In either case, their sport lies beyond the city limits, and they soon speed away to the Athletic Club House, St. George’s Club House, or to the Park Toboggan Slide, upon the Mountain, whither the guest can follow in a sleigh and be sure of a hearty welcome and an initiation into the mysteries of snowshoers’ revels or tobogganning.

Immediately behind the “Windsor” is the celebrated Victoria Skating Rink, the finest in the world. Here will be found a happy crowd gliding about on polished blades over a magnificent sheet of ice. Hundreds are on the ice—some waltzing, some speeding swiftly round and round, and others performing the graceful evolutions of finished skaters. Hundreds more throng the spacious promenade, from which vantage ground they study the poetry of motion as exemplified by a world’s champion, or a couple of dozen of lady and gentlemen experts, in what is undeniably one of the most beneficial of exercises and the most graceful known. Judged fairly, the ladies are certainly the better skaters. The majority of the gentlemen skate well, ’tis true, but only a small number are really experts, *i.e.*, capable of performing difficult figures with ease and grace. Yet one may see a waltz or quadrille danced upon this treacherous footing to perfection.

The visitor is particularly fortunate if opportunity is afforded for a sight of one of the grand fancy dress gatherings which are held a couple of times every winter at





YOUNG CANADA.

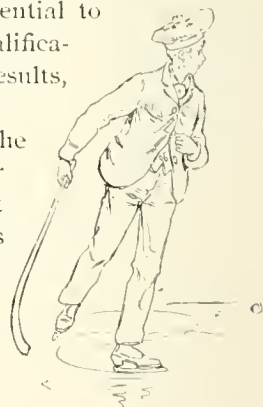
this rink. Then half a thousand or more skaters gather for an evening's amusement,—the vast rink is gorgeous with streaming banners and countless Chinese lanterns and ablaze with electric lights. Every imaginable costume has a wearer among the motley throng. Royalty greets poverty genially, a stately duchess waltzes with a "bad man" from the prairie, the lady abbess flirts with the court jester, the sweet girl graduate listens smilingly to the sulphurous compliments of the Devil, the severe divine relaxes in the presence of the queen of the ballet, the redskin chums with the Norman baron, the old trapper with good Queen Bess, the habitant with Desdemona. It is one great kaleidoscope of brilliant coloring, a crazy quilt of odd designs, a living torrent of swaying, curving, gayly attired figures and a spectacle not to be witnessed outside of the walls of the Victoria Rink.

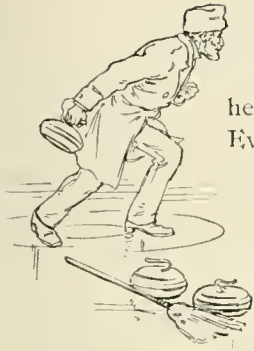


A hockey match between any two of the prominent teams of the country will also greatly interest all admirers of manly skill. Only good skaters and men of nerve can excel in it, for it frequently necessitates rough, fast and long-continued work. Swift skating, lightning dodges, and close, hard checking of opponents, are essential to success, and good judgment and a well-controlled temper are needful qualifications. Falls are frequent naturally, but it is seldom any serious damage results, and the game is very exciting.

There are many other rinks in the city, some devoted principally to skating, where the fancy dress entertainments are only second to those at the Victoria, and where a number of important hockey matches are decided. Others again are the centres where prominent curling matches are held, and at these the visitor may glean from the noise of the captains and the shouting, the savour of haggis and greens, etc., how strong is the Scottish element among the leading men of Montreal.

One of the most influential of organizations of its nature in America is the Montreal



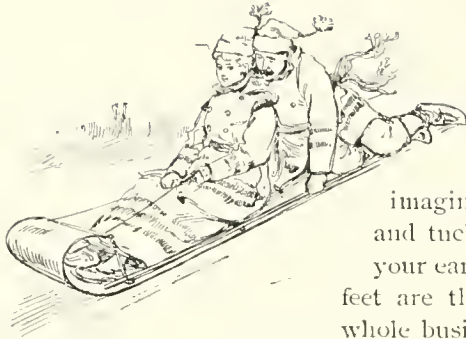


Amateur Athletic Association, which embraces in its large membership the best young men of the city, and exercises a marked influence in social life. The handsome stone structure, forming the headquarters of the M.A.A.A., is situated on Mansfield street, and here will be found all the latest and best appliances for the development of the muscles. Every purely amateur sport is encouraged, and, as most of the leading clubs in all branches of sport have been affiliated by the M.A.A.A., it is a strongly representative organization and a model of its kind. The beautiful grounds of the association are located in Cote St. Antoine. They occupy a most advantageous site and are surpassed by few, if any, rivals. The grounds of the Shamrock Lacrosse Club are near by, and upon those two roomy squares of close green turf are fought out the championship games of lacrosse. The M.A.A.A. grounds have a fine cinder track, club rooms, etc., and in the season an immense

crowd sees the decision of championship amateur athletic events, and, not infrequently, some genuine record-smashing. The rendezvous for the snowshoeing contingent of the association is the Athletic Club House behind the mountain. This is quite an imposing structure, and many and many a jolly party has assembled beneath its hospitable roof.

No guest at the Windsor should omit to visit the Park Toboggan Slide and enjoy an experience of a sport that is brought to perfection only in Canada. One's initial trial of a toboggan occupies very few seconds, but the memory of it lasts a long time. You are at the summit of the great slide, and below you, at a frightful angle, extend the chutes; beyond them a polished course, finally lost in a waste of snow. Good-looking young men and lovely girls, all garbed in the becoming blanket suits and wearing moccasins, are all around you, and a voice asks you would you care to slide. Bright eyes and merry smiles confuse you; sweet voices tinkle in your ears and lull your suspicions,—the magic of the novel scene overpowers you. These are the preparations for the sacrifice. You are not responsible for your actions,





you have a dreamy idea that you want to slide, in fact, came out for that purpose, you signify as much, and the victim is led to the slaughter. A queer-looking contrivance made out of strips of wood and possessing a very retroussé nose, is placed in position. It is quite roomy and very flat, but it's not nearly so flat as the novice who imagines it cannot do anything extraordinary. You squat down upon it and tuck in your feet, pull down your tile further on your skull and feel if your ear-laps are all right. Others get on behind you, a pair of moccasined feet are thrust under your arms, a voice remarks "Hold on tight!" and the whole business gives a sudden terrific plunge forward and downward—and you are a dead man! No, not yet! Something went wrong. You fell off that dizzy height, and are falling, whizzing downward yet. Somebody hit you on the head with a hammer just as you started and made you see stars; something flew up into your mouth as you fell and you dimly wonder if it's your heart, and clench your teeth lest it get out altogether. You have fallen ten thousand feet, and the last awful shock of landing must be near. You are quivering all over, but the dreaded shock never comes. Whizz! whizz! whizz! You become conscious of an amazing flying forward motion, a grand bird-like flight through apparently mid-air. The sparks fade from before your eyes, your stilled blood leaps fiercely through your veins again and your whole being is filled with a sense of glorious exultation. You have escaped. Slowly the speed of the toboggan dies, at last it halts altogether. You have had your first experience—you walk back one mile.

"Well, old man, did you like it?"

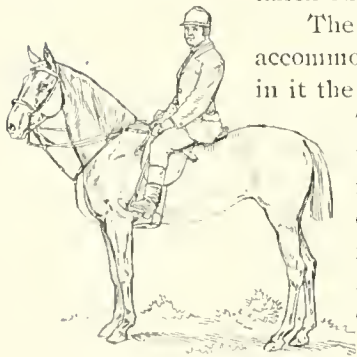
"Like it! I wouldn't have missed it for \$500, and I wouldn't try it again for \$5,000!" But you do, for all that, for 'tis a wondrous fascinating thing.

Snowshoeing justly ranks among the leading pastimes. A tramp over the mountain, with say the merry men of St. George upon a moonlight night, will not soon be forgotten. Shoes are donned at the head



AT THE KENNELS—MONTREAL HUNT CLUB.

of Peel street and the pace-maker leads the way, followed by from twenty to fifty blanket-garbed "Knights" in Indian file. Last of all comes the "whipper-in," whose duty is to look after tyros at the sport and keep laggards to the pace. Through the snowy woods they climb up the mountain side, the trees casting weird black shadows over the spotless snow. "Click-clack!" "click-clack!" sound the shoes in regular beat, every man sticking to his work and holding his place in the long line as best he may. Now they defile into an open space and the moon shines bright upon the royal purple and crimson colors of the club. Beards are heavy with frost and the breath shows like steam in this keen night air, and they form a charmingly picturesque band as they trudge steadily along. Away below, the moon's rays flash upon soaring spires and snow-laden roofs, and lower yet the countless lights of the great city complete an effect that is magical in its strange beauty. Now they enter the gloomy pines and are lost to view in the velvet blackness of shadows the moon cannot penetrate, emerging lower down in sight of the tinted lights of St. George's Club House. Soon the pace quickens, the leader breaks into a run and takes his men right merrily along until the door of the club house is reached. "All up?" he shouts, and the trampers reply, then shoes are taken off and all prepare for an evening's fun in the true snowshoer's style.

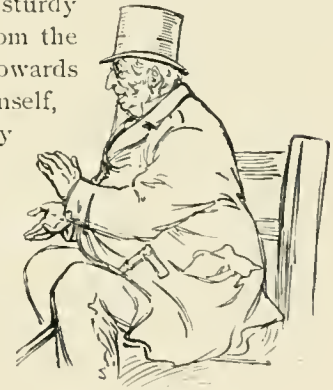


The beautiful club house is admirably suited for its purpose: its spacious ball-room will accommodate all probable visitors of a club whose membership numbers close to 500, and in it the trampers soon assemble, with others, who, perhaps, have driven out from the city. The senior officer of the club present acts as master of ceremonies, the club pianist takes his position at the instrument, and a varied programme of songs, dances, recitations and specialties is gone through—the club possessing a surprising amount of talent in this direction. If strangers are present, or it is the first appearance of new members, the "bouncing contingent" are called upon and seize their victim and toss him aloft amid laughter and fun again and again, catching him safely at each descent in strong hands. At 10.30 all join in singing the National Anthem

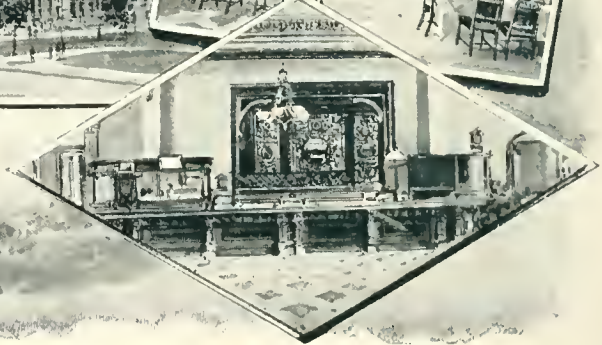


and the regular proceedings close. Volunteers may now be called upon and the fun, perhaps, prolonged for an hour more, when word is passed round to prepare for home. The same style of amusement is also followed at the other great rendezvous, the Athletic Club House, and it is quite safe to say that no other resorts in Canada see an equal amount of innocent recreation.

Whence come the divers tastes exemplified in this multiplicity of pastimes? The blending of nationalities will answer that question. Where else but from the wonderful "Little Red Island" over sea could come the love of rod and gun, of "pink and leathers," of silk, of football, of cricket, etc., etc.? Where else but from Auld Scotia could come the tastes for "besom and stane," the shot-putting, the love of Tartan and heather? Where else but from the dear old Emerald Isle could come the quick wit and impetuous dash of the Canuck, and such club names as "Emerald" and "Shamrock"? Where else but from the sturdy Habitant could come the love for "zee pacaire an' zee trottaire;" whence, save from the hardy voyageur, the love for the canoe; whence, save from the Indian, the leaning towards snowshoe and toboggan? Such games as hockey, the Young Canuck has invented for himself, but from the ancient blending of races he derives his grander qualities. He is a happy medium, a mingling of many types with an individuality all his own; an embodiment of the best features of many races with few of their faults; a man of many parts, and, like his cousin of the Antipodes, brave and loyal and true and ready to take his share of hard knocks, fairly bestowed, and capable and willing to do his share towards perfecting the glorious future which surely awaits the full development of the magnificent heritage he claims as home.



E. W. S.



THE WINDSOR.

MONTREAL IN WINTER.

By CARROLL RYAN.

Those who imagine that winter in Canada is a time of gloom and icy desolation, should come to Montreal when the Ice King reigns, and find out their mistake.

If our northern climate is cold at that season, it has glorious compensation. A frosty atmosphere, flooded with sunlight as brilliant as ever shone upon Italy or the south of France, fills the lungs with air more exhilarating than champagne and sends the blood coursing through the veins like a draught from the fountain of eternal youth.

Stories of pioneer life in Canada have given the world a false impression of this country. That the early settlers had to suffer exposure and hardship is true. But what they had to endure in by-gone times was very different from what a sojourner on the banks of the St. Lawrence will experience in these days.

Still they had their compensations, and it is doubtful if the most hilarious tobogganist, with beloved freight in charge, ever enjoyed his plunge down the slide with more delight than did the grandfathers of the present generation, when they with our grandmothers coasted the backwoods hill-side on an ox-sled, or "jumper," as they called it.



THE HEAD OF A SLIDE.



A SNOW-SHOE TRAMP BY TORCHLIGHT.

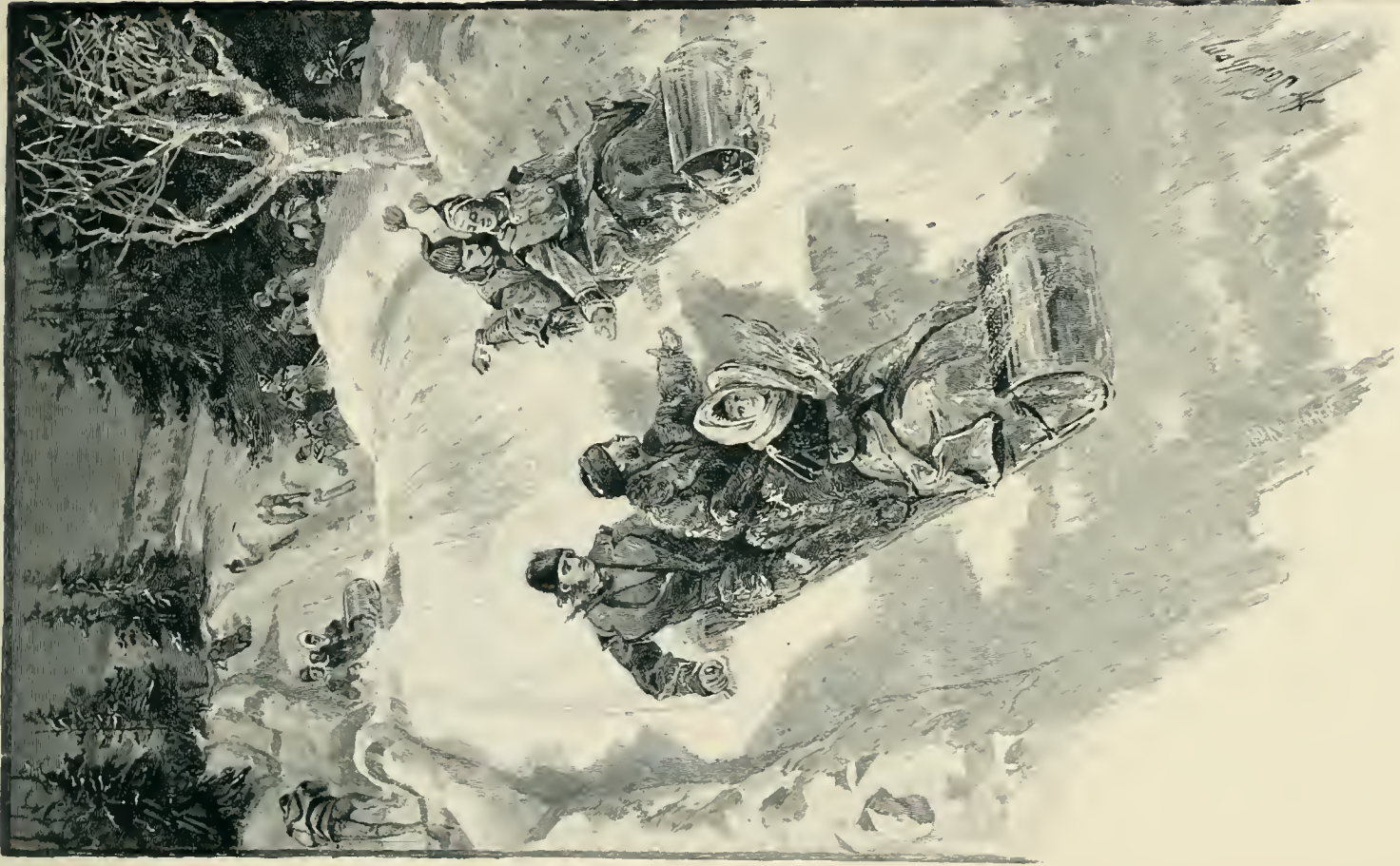
When the melancholy Keats sighed for

"A heater full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With heated bubbles wrinkling to the brim
And purple-stained month,"

he was not aware that, it was not in the South, but in the North, that the true Elixir of Life was to be found. Thousands, better instructed than the poet who gave us the idea that "A thing of beauty is a joy forever," have proven this truth with joyful satisfaction and were able to exclaim in the words of the Canadian songster :

"Here I have the precious prize
The Spaniards sought on land and sea;
Where all the glowing hill-tops rise
Resplendent in their mystery."

But those were primitive times. In these times, the hardships and exposures are transformed into delightful recreations and health-bestowing exercises. With the conveniences, comforts and elegancies of modern life to be had in profusion at the various palace hotels of Montreal, the rigors of a winter climate are made to minister to the highest development of physical health and mental enjoyment. Here the obliging officers of the different hotels are always willing and pleased to assist



ON A TOBOGGAN HILL.



A SNOW-SHOE CONCERT.

strangers and visitors in arranging their programme of sports, games, recreations and amusements. In Montreal there is every day and night something of this sort going on, and the question is not what to do or where to go, but which of many attractions to select.

Medical men who have studied climatic conditions and observed the effects of Canadian out-door winter sports on the human being, are unanimous in the opinion that no prescription known to science can produce effects on body and mind so thoroughly, permanently beneficial as these sports. Here miasma and malaria are unknown. The air is clear, cold, dry, pure. More bracing than that for the enjoyment of which men climb to the peaks of lofty mountains. It is continuously so, too, for when the Lord of Winter forsakes his hyperborean home to take up his residence in Montreal, he comes to stay. There is nothing of the

“Blue, cold nose and wrinkled brow”

about him, for he brings his birds and his sunshine with him. Great facts which those who never lived in Canada may find some difficulty in believing, but which are only incidents among the many wonders of a Canadian winter.

But the advantages of the climate of Montreal over that of southern cities are not more strongly marked than over the cities situated in the middle region. The fog, and dust, and damp, and drizzle which go by the name of winter in most American cities, where the skies seem to have the grippe and the earth the asthma, present a contrast to winter in Montreal, more emphatic even than the yellow-jack and malaria of the tropics. The worst thing in Montreal is an occasional snowstorm. The January thaw has become a tradition. This absence of dismal weather and the necessity for exercise which the climate imposes, renews the strength and manhood of those enfeebled by long residence in hot and unhealthy countries. But the great boast of the Canadian winter is that it acts as a cosmetic on ladies' complexions, preserves their natural loveliness and gives a glow as of youth to cheeks faded and wrinkled by age.

All this, it will readily be understood, induces to strength of character, and when spring returns, the sojourner returns to his southern home, a new being with a fresh lease of life, strong in chest and limb, buoyant with hope and self-reliance.

Considering all these things, it is not surprising that the tide of winter travel to Canada, especially to Montreal, should be on the increase every year, for the snow of Canada is a warm and kindly blanket and those who sleep beneath it rise with better livers, lighter hearts, clearer heads and stronger constitutions.



NEXT SLEIGH, MISTER?

SUBURBAN DRIVES

There are many beautiful roads for driving around Montreal, all leading to places of more or less interest according to the taste of the traveller. The most noted are : Mount Royal Park, already described ; Sherbrooke street, famous for its palatial private residences ; to Lachine, affording many lovely views of surrounding scenery ; Sault-au-Recollet, where the Convent of the Sacred Heart is situated ; to Blue Bonnets, and to Hochelaga, where new and immense docks are expected to be built.

Other places there are that would well repay the short necessary journey, by rail or steamboat, among which may be mentioned Longueuil, Laprairie, Caughnawaga, Boucherville, Varennes, St. Hilaire, Belœil, Chambly, Berthier, Verchères, Contrecoeur, Sorel, Bout de l'Île, St. Paul l'Érmitte, L'Assomption, Ste. Anne's, Oka, and Carillon. Indeed the banks of the river, on both sides, are lined with villages, any one of which

would make a pleasant object for a day's outing.



CAUGHNAWAGA, INDIAN VILLAGE, OPPOSITE LACHINE.

LACHINE RAPIDS.

When La Salle, the great explorer, who discovered the Mississippi and was treacherously murdered by his own followers in a wilderness as unknown in those days as the heart of Africa is in these, started on his expedition to find a

north-west passage to China, his point of departure was from the village thence known as La-Chine. Deep historic interest attaches to Lachine, which still contains several buildings dating from the days of La Salle. Chief among them is the old stone house, built by himself as his home on the small estate he had acquired from the Seminary, about the year 1666. This building is sixty feet, fronting on the Lower Lachine Road, and about thirty feet deep, one story and a half high. The walls are loop-holed for guns and musketry, but the apertures have been closed up to keep out the cold, as the building has long been used for other purposes than those for which it was originally intended. This is undoubtedly the oldest building in Canada, and, while it is a landmark dear to the lover of the heroic in our history, it should be no less an object of interest to all Americans. Indeed this locality, with its associations, its landmarks, its scenery, must forever be profoundly interesting to travelers.



BIG JOHN AND PARTY SHOOTING LACHINE RAPIDS.

During the four years La Salle lived there, he conceived and planned the great work of his life. Perhaps before leaving France he had thought of schemes of discovery. But it was within sound of these rushing, thundering rapids that he matured them, gathered his stores, constructed his canoes, selected his companions and finally took leave of civilization to plunge into the mysterious wilderness among savage

tribes. We can trace his course along the lakes and rivers of the north and west, and, what is, perhaps, one of the best proofs of his genius, we may observe that where he established his posts along the route he followed, great cities have arisen. After generations have thus confirmed the wisdom of his selections. At Chicago, St. Louis, and along down the Mississippi, where he had marked the future path of civilization,



RESIDENCE OF MR. DUNCAN MCINTYRE.

are cities now great and populous. But La Salle was not the first European who had pushed into the wilds of the West. Père Caron, a Jesuit priest, was the first to ascend the Ottawa as a missionary, after Champlain's famous journey. Still more intrepid in the extent of his voyage was Jean Nicolet, who discovered Lake Michigan in 1634. Father Marquette and Louis Joliette, a Quebec fur trader, penetrated across Wisconsin to the Illinois River in 1673. La Salle and Tonti followed in 1679, and were the real discoverers of the Mississippi. All these and many more missionaries and explorers took their departure from Lachine, then the most western outpost of settlement and, though their names are more intimately associated with the early history of the Western States, this spot must ever remain sacred in history as the point from which Christianity and civilization were carried into what is now the Great-West and universally known as the granary of the world.

Mr. John Fraser in his "Canadian Pen and Ink Sketches," has written a charming account of Lachine

and its historical associations, and made a suggestion which should be acted on. "It is due to La Salle's memory," he writes, "something should be done, and that speedily, by his admiring thousands on this continent. They have now a fitting opportunity to show their respect." The form of memorial proposed by Mr. Fraser is to accept his gift of La Salle's old homestead, preserve the building from decay, restore it and the grounds as much as possible to their former appearance, and make the house "sacred for all time, free from the calls or encroachments of modern improvements."

There are, however, other objects worthy the traveller's attention in this ancient village. Here were established the English King's Posts of 1812. The old windmill still stands a prominent landmark from the past, and near to it the site of the ancient Fort Remy, now occupied by the Novitiate of the Oblat Fathers.

We who now stand on the hill at Lachine, looking westward where the broad waters of Lake St. Louis reach away seemingly into sunset, may realize with our present knowledge, the mighty dream of La Salle when he conceived the thought that across those waters lay the path to far



COLONIAL HOUSE, PHILLIPS SQUARE.

away Cathay. But though his idea was not realized in the way he dreamed, it has been realized, for we may see in the great iron bridge that spans the river near here a highway to China of which the heroic Frenchman had not the faintest conception.

Two centuries have passed away and the wilderness, which he was the first white man to traverse, has become transformed by the magic of modern labor, enterprise and science, into the most magnificent empire of freedom and progress. Grand as may have been the dream of La Salle, it was but a faint glimmer compared to the reality that may now be seen everywhere along his path from the village of Lachine to the upper great lakes and down to the mouth of the Mississippi at New Orleans. Now, however, it is the spot from which many thousands of tourists every year take boat to enjoy the unique sensation of running the Lachine Rapids. Those travelers who come to Montreal by the steamboats through Lake Ontario and the fairy-land scenery of the Thousand Islands, enjoy the sight of a panorama unequalled for beauty and variety in any part of the world, including the descent of these rapids—the most delightful, exciting and withal perfectly safe adventure any traveler could undertake. Many able pens have attempted to describe the sublimity of the scene and the bated-breath sensations of terror and delight felt by all who make this trip.

Those who do not come to Montreal by boat from the west may, during the summer months, take the train to Lachine village any morning or evening. The boats put in there for the purpose of accommodating such visitors. Having got on board and taken a position on the upper deck, the tourist feels himself gliding out on the stream amid a peculiar silence, as if the awe of a fearful expectation had its effect upon the waters as well as the human beings by whom he is accompanied, and which is reflected in the countenances he sees about him. Gradually the banks of the river on either side assume a wilder, more grim and savage aspect. The rocks, clad with trailing creepers and the banks crowned with their lordly elms, rise sheer from the river, which now seems to seize the vessel with a giant grip from below and hurry it forward with ever increasing speed. In former times the steamer used to lie-to off the ancient and historic Indian village of Caughnawaga for a few minutes to take on board the Iroquois pilot, who, in the full costume of his tribe,

would come off in a bark canoe to guide the vessel in its perilous descent of the rapids. But the old Indian who, for many years, performed this interesting ceremony, whose portrait always occupied a place among the souvenirs of Montreal, has been gathered to his fathers, and the more prosaic, but not less capable, white man has taken his place, and the boat goes on its way without stopping as of yore at Caughnawaga. Indians are still, however, employed, for they have a knowledge of the river, its moods and seasons, which mere steamboat hands never entirely acquire.

Passing onward the vessel begins to sway in the mighty throes of the great river, here tortured in a narrow channel hemmed in by rocks, presenting a scene of weird, wild grandeur. Rushing over huge obstructions, the waves are lashed into fury, and clouds



WM. NOTMAN & SON'S STUDIO, BLIGNY STREET



INTERIOR VIEW OF WM. NOTMAN & SON'S STUDIO.

of spray ascend from the abyss, arched by a thousand rainbows, as the vessel plunges madly forward, apparently doomed to inevitable destruction on the ghastly crags that raise their abutting edges right ahead.



CHAPEL OF THE GREY NUNNERY.

Amidst the roar and tumult of the waters one feels as if escape was impossible ; but though the vessel rushes with headlong speed to within a few yards of the rocks, it glides past them with swift security. The passage seems truly miraculous, for, should the helm have wavered to diverge the boat from the precise channel, one touch of those rocks would have reduced her to splinters and churned her living freight to instant death in that terrible whirlpool. It is not alone that the vessel must be kept straight with the course of the rapids, she must actually descend a precipice of waters in the midst of the chaos of breakers, above which the jagged crags appear on every side. In an instant we topple on the summit of the avalanche, with a plunge that takes away the breath and sends a quick thrill through the heart, we rush down into the yawning deep beyond—

" Like disunited spirits when they leap
Together from this earth's obscure and fading steep."

But not into the arms of destruction do we go with that dismal settling down of a sinking ship, which only those can know who have felt its terrible spell. Trembling like one who suddenly contemplates escape from deadly peril, the vessel rights herself on the placid bosom of the now

contented, tranquil river. No one who has made this passage can ever forget the novel, thrilling and inspiring feelings it induced. One feels that he has had a wonderful experience, a hair-breadth escape; yet it is a fact, reflecting the highest credit on those who navigate these rapids, that no accident of any consequence has ever befallen the vessels that make the descent, nor has a single life ever been lost of the vast number of people



ICE JAM ON THE WHARVES.



UNCLE

who have come from all parts of the world to make this short but wonderful voyage. Now bursts upon the eye the unequalled panorama of the city and harbor of Montreal. It is as if one had passed through the fabled experiences of the spirits in old mythology, and having descended the river of doom, emerged in sunlight and glory before the walls of the golden city.

FROM MONTREAL TO QUEBEC.

The journey down the St. Lawrence, from Montreal to Quebec, in one of the palatial steamers that ply on this route, is as pleasant a trip as could be taken anywhere in America.

Leaving Montreal, usually in the evening, we first pass Longueuil, a small village on the south bank, and the summer residence of many Montrealers. Longueuil is memorable in history for the repulse of General Carleton in 1775 by the Americans. A little down on the north shore is Longue Pointe. At a distance of nine miles from Montreal we see Pointe-aux-Trembles, founded in 1674. Here is one of the old French churches, built in 1709. Soon afterwards we find ourselves among the Islands of Boncherville. These islands are mostly low and flat, with very shallow water among them, and a thick growth of reeds and weeds, affording excellent duck shooting and pike fishing, but wanting in scenery from their extreme flatness. Here it is that the ice grounds, on the break up of winter, occasionally causing an inundation. At a distance of fifteen miles we pass Varennes, one of the most prettily situated places between Montreal and

Quebec. It lies with the St. Lawrence in front and the Richelieu in its rear. Mineral springs of great virtue are situated here. At a distance of forty miles we pass Berthier, on the north shore, opposite to the entrance of the Richelieu, and to numerous islands similar to those of Boucherville, till five miles farther down, at the junction of the Richelieu, we arrive at Sorel, lately raised to the dignity of a city. This place was once called William Henry, after William IV., who, when in the navy, and lying off Quebec, visited this place, coming up in his vessel to Lake St. Peter, whence he took a small boat upwards. It stands on the site of the fort, previously mentioned as having been built by De Tracy in 1665, and was for many years the summer residence of successive governors of Canada. There is splendid snipe shooting in this neighborhood in October, and very good fishing, all through the year



ENTRANCE MOUNT ROYAL CEMETERY

among the numerous islands which here stud the surface of the river. About five miles further down, the river expands into a vast sheet of water, about twenty-five miles long and nine miles broad, which is known as Lake St. Peter.

This lake is for the most part quite shallow, except in the channel, which has been dredged so as to enable the largest ocean steamers to pass up and down without difficulty. In passing through this lake the traveler is sure to see several rafts on their way downwards. The songs of the raftsmen were once a delightful melody on these waters, but the towing system has done away with much of the old romance of the river.

Passing the mouth of the St. Francis, which flows in from the Eastern Townships, near which is a settlement of the Abenakis Indians, we arrive at the city of Three Rivers, situated on the north shore of the St. Lawrence, at the mouth of the St. Maurice River, which here separates into three channels, whence the name of the city is derived, and lying about midway between Quebec and Montreal, being about ninety miles from either of two cities. This is a most interesting place in many respects. Benjamin Sulte, the French Canadian poet and historian, has worked its mines of historical lore to noble uses, and given it a fame greater than its lumber and iron industries could ever achieve. The French began the smelting of iron here as early as 1737. Three Rivers is the See of a Roman Catholic bishopric. The cathedral is a stately edifice, and the neighborhood is rich in associations to any one who cares to explore them.



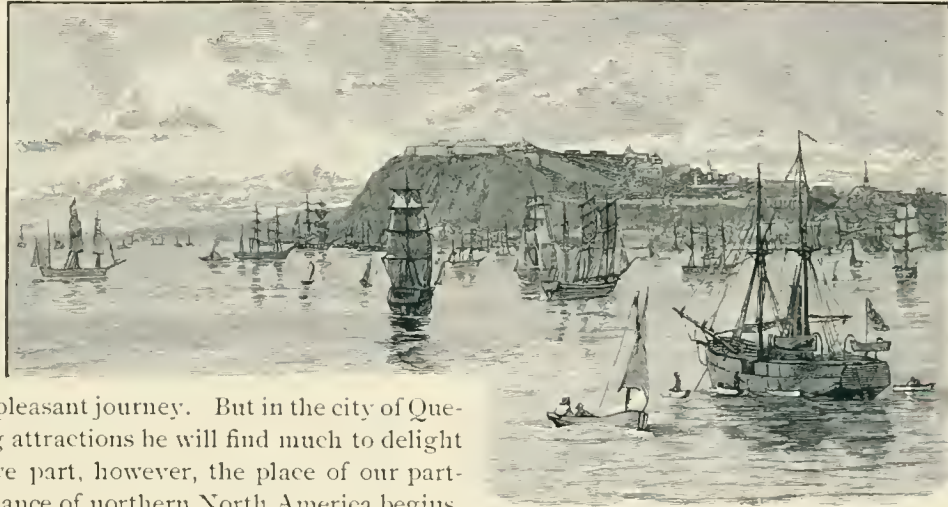
HABITANT

Opposite Three Rivers is Doucet's Landing, the terminus of the Arthabaska and Three Rivers branch of the Grand Trunk Railway, thus keeping this section easy of access from the south, as the railway on the north shore does on the other side. Here we may be said to be at the head of tide water, the home of the Tommy-cod fishery. Continuing our journey, we pass Batiscan, called after a famous Indian chief known to the first settlers; then Ste. Anne and the Jacques-Cartier river, after which the land on the river banks begins to rise, presenting a more bold and picturesque appearance as we

near Quebec. St. Augustine and St. Antoine, two pretty villages, are soon passed, and the mouth of the Chaudière is the next object of interest. Here, some twelve or more miles from Quebec, in the seclusion of the woods, are the falls of the Chaudière, a river which, flowing through the auriferous district of the Eastern Townships, and abounding through its course of one hundred miles in rapids, precipitates itself downwards over a hundred feet into a rocky and chaotic basin, where, during the spring floods, the roaring of the waters and the fantastic cliffs and hedges on either side combine to make a deep impression on the mind.

Continuing our way, we come to Pointe Lévis, nearly opposite Quebec, on the south-western shore.

Before us is the grand gateway of the St. Lawrence, the famous Citadel of Quebec, with its majestic memories of mystery, adventure, victory and defeat. The battle ground where Wolfe won for England, and the Celto-Brittanic race, the illimitable dominion of the North and West. Here we must take leave of the kindly traveler who has accompanied us so far on our pleasant journey. But in the city of Quebec and its many surrounding attractions he will find much to delight and amuse him. Though we part, however, the place of our parting is the spot where the romance of northern North America begins.

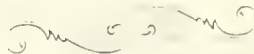


QUEBEC.

From these high cliffs and from under these grey old walls the first pioneers of what is now the granary of the world, went forth into the unknown wilderness. From this antique city also departed the first missionaries carrying the cross of salvation to distant tribes and nations. But that which must forever give Quebec its chief claim to the attention of the traveler is its historical battle-field. It is impossible to stand here and reflect on the momentous consequences of Wolfe's victory without feeling the influence of the spirit of the scene, or involuntarily repeating the lines which the hero, whose genius was destined to change the destiny of a continent, repeated, as he floated down this river on the eve of one of the most decisive battles in history :

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ere gave
Await alike the inevitable hour
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But philosophic melancholy in those days gives way at Quebec to more joyful influences, for it is one of the most delightful places socially to be found anywhere in the world. Whether it be summer or winter, the people of the Ancient Capital take full enjoyment out of life and strive to make the stranger feel at home. Founded by Samuel De Champlain, A.D. 1608, nearly three centuries have given the fortress city a history rich in material for the philosopher, the poet and the romancer. Among the records, associations, and scenes thus brought together, the traveler, if so inclined, may find endless fields for research, acquaintance-ship or observation. Among these we will now leave him, happily located, and willing, no doubt, to accept as his further guide to the Tourists' Mecca and Gibraltar of America, the gem souvenir book, **Illustrated Quebec**, a companion volume to **Illustrated Montreal**.



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Opinions

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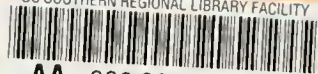
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